Week ending January 21 1956 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

BEGINNING THIS WEEK

THE BRITON WHO BEAT THE WORLD

Donald Campbell

tells his own great human story of skill and courage

'SPEED IN MY BLOOD'

•

'THE BOY FROM GLENTARKIE'

Romantic new serial by

DAVID WALKER

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TEMPLE BAR 2468 JANUARY 21 1956 VOLUME 99 NUMBER 2586

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

David Walker in the Scottish Highlands, where his story is set

IN the past five years, David Walker has become one of the most popular British novelists. His early success with *Geordie* was consolidated with *Digby*, which we serialized in JOHN BULL in 1953. His latest story, which begins on page 7, is set in the Highlands where Walker was born nearly forty-five years ago.

A very happy family man, he now lives in a rebuilt farmhouse in New Brunswick, Canada, with his wife Willa and "the polo team"—his sons Giles, Barclay, David and Julian. He writes in solitude in a small cottage about two miles from his home, but his wife says he is "quite untemperamental." After lunch he often takes long walks with his sons.

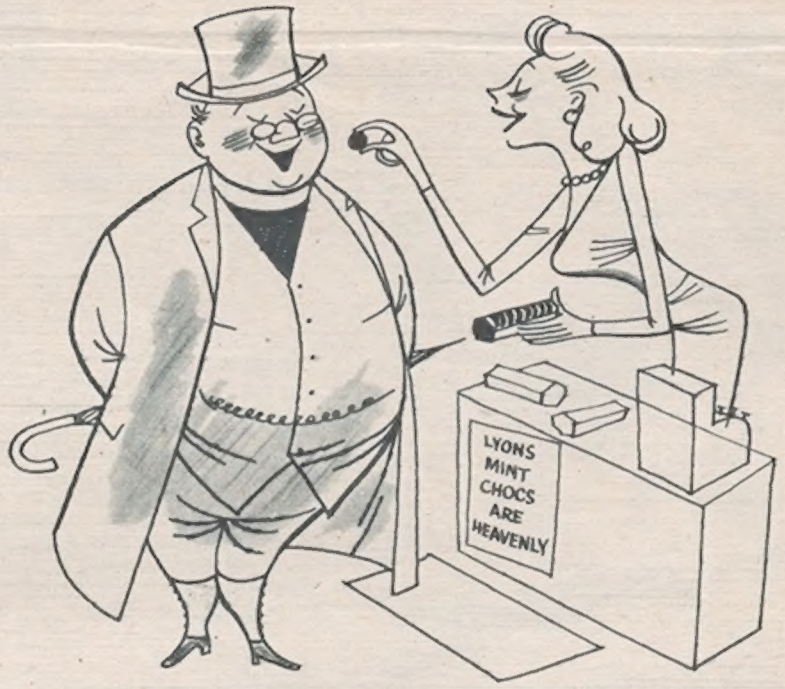
The Boy From Glentarkie is pure fiction, but Walker says: "I think that its picture of childhood friendship is true of the Scottish countryside." Into the story he brings much of his love of fishing; a fisherman who lives in faith and hope, he nevertheless describes himself as a Jonah.

After his early years as a professional soldier, aide-de-camp to Lord Tweedsmuir (John Buchan), prisoner of war and then Comptroller to the Viceroy of India, Walker now leads what he calls "the humdrum life of a working writer." This, however, has taken him back to India to gather material for a new novel; and next month he plans to set out on a trip to the Western Arctic, where he hopes to make a dog-sled patrol with the Mounties. "I think there is a novel in the meeting of the old North and the new," he says. "I hope I can find it."

WHEN John Harman, one of our staff writers, went to Teddington for his article on bacteria (page 17), he walked straight into another world. "It was pure science fiction," he says.

With its barbed wire fencing, low white buildings and probing security checks, the laboratory reminded Harman of Winnerden Flats, the eerie synthetic food plant in the TV serial *Quatermass II*. "And what's more," he adds, "at Teddington they have developed a synthetic food which could be used for space-ship crews."

After a couple of visits, he became as unconcerned as his hosts when they opened ordinary office filing cabinets packed with bacteria-filled test-tubes. But his wife and ten-year-old daughter Kay are still a little shaken. After a day at Teddington, Harman went home to dinner at Seaford, Sussex. "Under your finger-nails," he told his family, "it looks like Piccadilly Circus in the rush hour."



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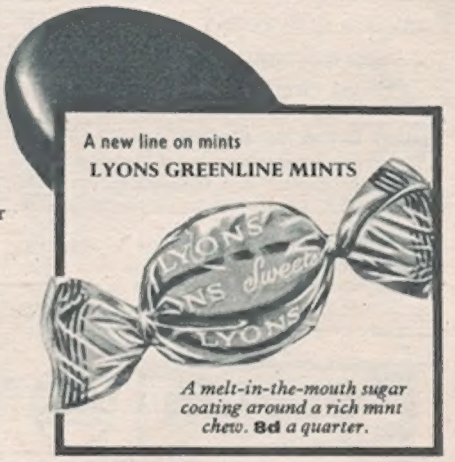

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Free Speech

● **Leaders who prefer the fireside** ● **Nurses know when to be tactful**

● **When girls bite they may bring luck**

THE decline of cultural and social activities, abetted by TV, has faced youth organizers with a new and haunting problem—where to find leaders.

The Boy Scouts, and similar bodies, are constantly appealing for leaders, but without success. Recently an Essex Cub pack gave a party to the boys on their waiting list—to show that they are not forgotten.

Coventry is finding it hard to recruit leaders for a tenth of the potential Cubs and Scouts on new estates.

Most adults today apparently care little about the outdoor activities of youngsters. They are too tied to their firesides to help.—GWYNFRYN JONES, Deedmore Road, Coventry.

Women Rule

As an insurance agent calling at hundreds of homes, I find that all the important decisions are taken by the woman of the house. So much for "the stronger sex"!—S. P. G., Prescot, Lancashire.

Two-class Travel

I notice that many Continental railway systems are to have only two standards of travel—first and second class. Isn't it time that British Railways came into line? First and third class, without a second, is illogical anyway.—W. KEY, Ipswich.

"We have been running all three classes on Continental boat trains," says British Railways, "but from June 3, all our passenger stock will be first or second class. Only first class compartments and coaches will carry numbers; the present unlabelled third class stock will become second class, without numbers. Existing third class tickets will be used up, but second class tickets are being printed. The change will not in itself mean higher fares."

Reindeer Pioneers

It was in March, 1951, that the late Hector McNeil, then Secretary of State for Scotland, announced in the House of Commons that the government had agreed to the reindeer experiment described by David Millwood (JOHN BULL, December 17).

By a coincidence, the following day a Halifax aircraft crashed in Buckinghamshire. It contained 134 reindeer carcasses, imported from Sweden for sale in London as food.

I should like to stress the important rôle played by the Reindeer Council of the United Kingdom—which includes Arctic experts, Scots interested in Highland development, and others under the chairmanship of Sir Frederick Whyte—and by the Scottish Council (Development and Industry) in obtaining permission for the experiment.—MIKEL UTSI, Technical Adviser to the Reindeer Council of the United Kingdom, Cambridge.

Ulterior Motive

Every night, in hospitals throughout the country, nurses remove all flowers from the wards and put them in the corridors. They tell the patients that this is done because flowers at night take oxygen from the air, and "breathe out" carbon dioxide. Do they really believe it?—E. T. MONROE, Nottingham.

"Vases are removed from wards to give the cleaners a clear field in the morning," says a doctor. "Some patients ask to keep their flowers, and if they are sufficiently credulous the 'oxygen myth' is a tactful way of removing the vegetation."

As We Were

The Teddy Boy problem is nothing new. The other day I read the following item, in a paper dated 1827: "Three young men of the 'Tom and Jerry' school, coated and braced up according to the modern fashion, and with a plentiful lack of wit in their countenances, and a profusion of poodle curls hanging down their cheeks, were brought from the Watch House charged by two of the Bow Street patrol with assaulting them in the pit of the Adelphi Theatre. One was held to bail and two were discharged with a caution."—T. LIGHTFOOT, Fulwood, Lancs.

Shades Of Raleigh

When the Queen went to see the film *Richard III*, someone opened the door of her car but nobody appeared to assist her from it. What discourtesy!—H. E. HORTON, Birmingham.

"We do not know of any standard procedure laid down for such visits," says Buckingham Palace.

The White Line

In six months of safari in Africa, we covered about eighteen thousand miles, crossing the equator several times. My photograph shows a place

on the Kampala to Masaka road, in Buganda province, where "the Line" actually does exist.—J. GLOVER, Brentwood, Essex.

Taken From Life

When I wrote the now-famous TV comedy sketch in which Dave King lost his nappy ("Dave King's Foolproof Comedy," December 24), I drew on observations of my own children, Susan and Martin, when they were babies. My wife and I keep a filing index of potential comedy material based on real life, including children's antics—and some of the entries come in useful years afterwards.

The baby sketch material certainly did, for Susan is now thirteen and Martin ten. As a result of that sketch, incidentally, I was approached by a number of leading artists with requests to write their comedy material.—FREDDIE SADLER, Hounslow, Middlesex.

Lucky Bites

While sitting at the dinner table in a Dutch hostel, I innocently told the warden that it was my birthday. At once he produced a loaf of gingerbread, which he tied to my left arm with a gaudy piece of ribbon. To my embarrassment I then had to walk round the crowded common room offering each girl a bite of the gingerbread. Each acceptance of the offer apparently signified good luck for the recipient and for myself, and the hearty appetites of the girls certainly assured us all of a prosperous future.—J. MCKERRELL, Dunfermline.

Name Days

I would like to see the adoption in Britain of the Continental custom of Name days, which would help us to remember a large circle of friends and relatives whose birthdays we forget.

Even the British calendar gives a few such days—David's, on March 1, Patrick's (March 17), George's (April 23) and Andrew's (November 30).

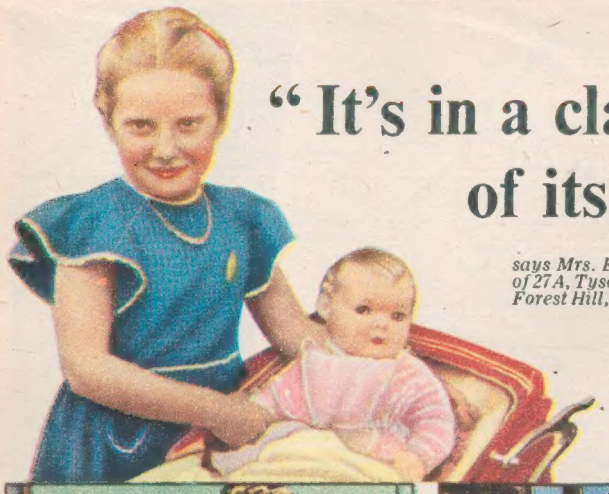
There are several names used in Britain which already have their corresponding days in Sweden. They include Helena's (July 31), Alice's (July 14), Leo's (June 28) and Ann's (December 9).—M. P. D., Mudford, Somerset.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

WHEN they were singing "Auld Lang Syne" half an hour ago, Ralph Bruce's cover vagrants hadn't given a thought to the last train. As it's turned out, timetables won't wait for the last waltz—or auld acquaintances; for railway stations are cynical places, too used to fond farewells and mislaid tickets to have any sympathy for footsore revellers. The sleepy belle of the ball is not letting a mundane problem like this break the party spell. Prince Charming, though, has a question to wake her up. Can the housekeeping stand the taxi fare home?

THIS IS A TRUE STORY *about* Ribena



"It's in a class of its own"

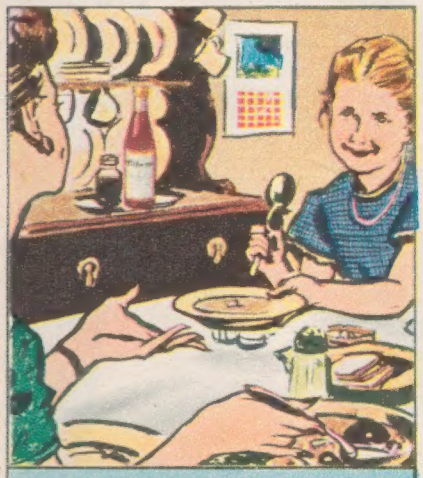
says Mrs. E. Richardson of 27A, Tyson Road, Forest Hill, London, S.E.23

ABSENTEE!

My five-year-old daughter first started school last September. Her first term, and always down with coughs or colds. Then, as if that wasn't enough, she caught the measles.

MOTHER'S PLEA!

In vain I bought all manner of medicines, hoping to build up her resistance. Finally I sought advice from a chemist friend of the family. Right away he recommended Ribena.



INFECTION FREE!

As soon as I started her on Ribena there was a marked improvement. Not only has Ribena kept her free of any childish ailments, it has also given her a healthy appetite.

FULL OF GLEE!

Now my daughter is always full of fun and energy. Discovering Ribena has certainly taken a load of worry off my mind. What a wonderful product! So delicious, too.

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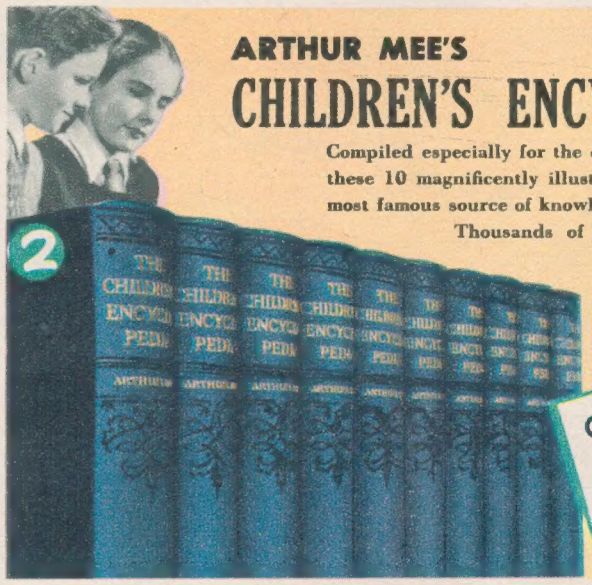

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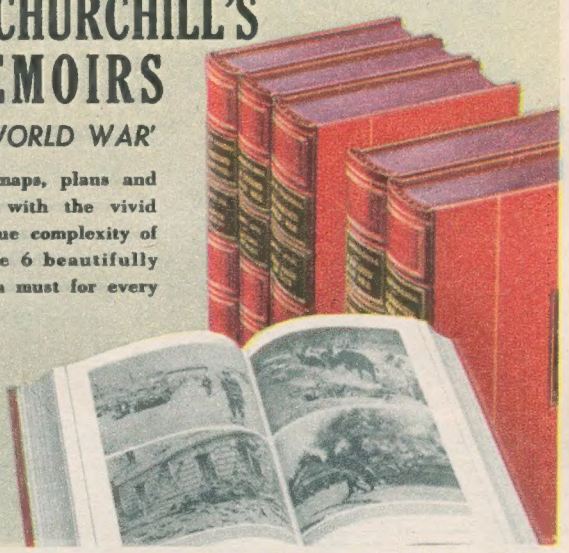

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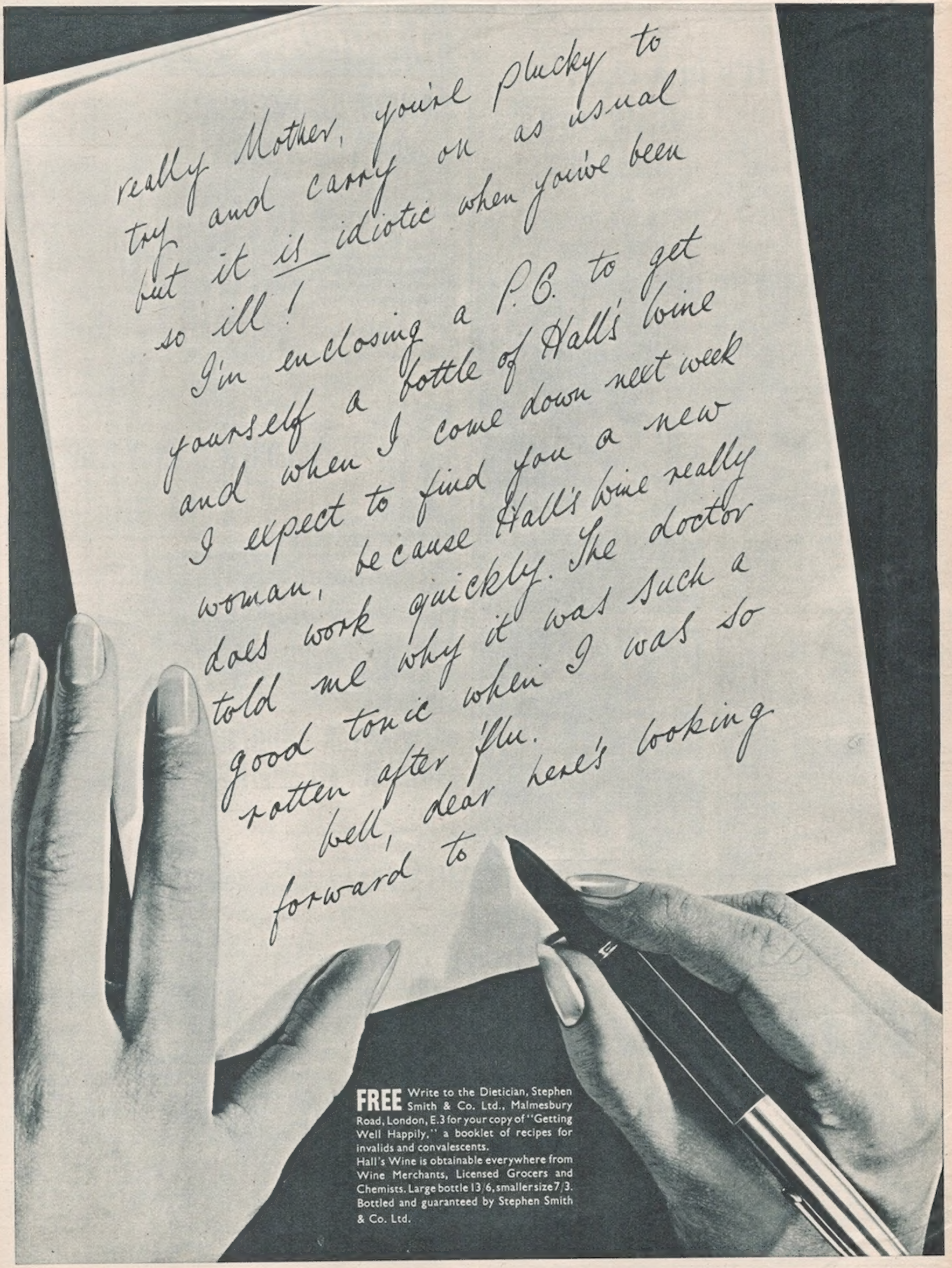
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but it is idiotic when you've been
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THE BOY FROM GLENTARKIE

Beginning the tender story of a strange encounter in the Scottish Highlands . . .

by DAVID WALKER

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

THE clouds of the west wind ran as shadows on Loch Rum. The west wind made a swishing in the reeds. When Tam Gillies listened through that noise and through the slap of water on the boat and through Annie talking, he could hear a whistle and a boom of wind along the cliffs above him and Annie in the boat below Ben Rum, Crummockshire, the Highlands, Scotland, British Isles, Europe, Western Hemisphere, the World, and Space.

It was that kind of place and day for that kind of feeling. . . .

Tam Gillies hooked another trout, a good fish of half a pound; well, almost—mebbe seven ounces, and the biggest yet. He smacked the bright trout's head against the thwart. It trembled, dying among his other dead ones in the sphagnum moss.

"That's five," he said. "The wurrum's what you should be after using."

"The wurrum isn't fishing," Annie stated. She cast again towards the reeds. She cast a bonny line, having had lessons from her dad. Tam was a great fisherman with worm, the docken grub, the maggot, but he wished. . . .

"You're jealous," Annie said. "That's what."

"I caught five and you caught none. What for would I be jealous?"

But he was, a bit, when the trout stopped taking his best brandlings from the manure pile, and started rising to her tail-fly, the Cinnamon and Gold.

One minute off and the next minute on. Well, that's the fun of it, he thought. He was thinking about things today.

She caught two in five minutes. Then: "Oh, dammit!" said Annie in her father's voice. "The little devil missed me."

"You missed him is what you mean," said Tam.

She caught two more. Then the trout went

He saw that she was painting the falls. "I didn't mean to disturb you," he said

off the rise as suddenly as they had come on. They stayed away from the worms, too.

"The boat sails on Wednesday forenoon?" she said, as a question, the way folk do about things they know.

"Ay," he said.

"And the place. What's the name of the place, again, Tam?"

"Green-witch, Connekti-cut," he said. "Sounds daft, eh? My dad's to have four gardeners under him," he added. It was a huge place, and huge-sounding wages, too, Dad said. But Tam did not say anything about this to Annie Kintair.

"Will you send me a picture postcard of the place?"

"I'll postcard you," Tam Gillies said. He looked at the sheep on the sides of Ben Rum, and an eagle was circling high up there.

"Would there be trout in America, too?" she asked him.

He did not answer. That was a different world, like a new world, perhaps, and he was thinking about it, and not knowing about it, here with Annie on the last afternoon. Tam was twelve, and Annie was ten.

"Say, Bud!" she now said in a different voice. "Wotcha reckon ya gonna be? A goldarned billionaire chewin gum?"

"Sure thing, betcha, babe," he said; but he couldn't say it like Annie, with all her voices.

The next thing daft Annie did was to cup her hands and call, "Yoo-Hoo" and deep "Yaddle-a-Hee" to the cliffs of Ben Rum, and it echoed back just perfect, round and round and down and down in the sunlight with the voice of the west wind, too, and they rolled about the boat, laughing.

But they stopped laughing when the same "Yoo-hoo, yaddle-a-hee" sounded loudly from the wrong direction—behind their backs. The Laird was a great popper-up out of nowhere, and usually with his famous yodel he learned in Switzerland, he said, or some country.

"Wot's to do, my hearties?" he called now, as if he hadn't heard Annie copying his yodel, and probably he hadn't. "Caught'ny trout?"

"We caught nine, Daddy," she called back. "Tam got five and I got four, but they've stopped taking. Let's go away in then, Tam," she added in the Highland way they spoke together; and he rowed in.

"Stupendous!" cried the Laird. "What a pair of fishermen!" He watched Tam tie the boat below the boathouse, and then the three of them sat a while.

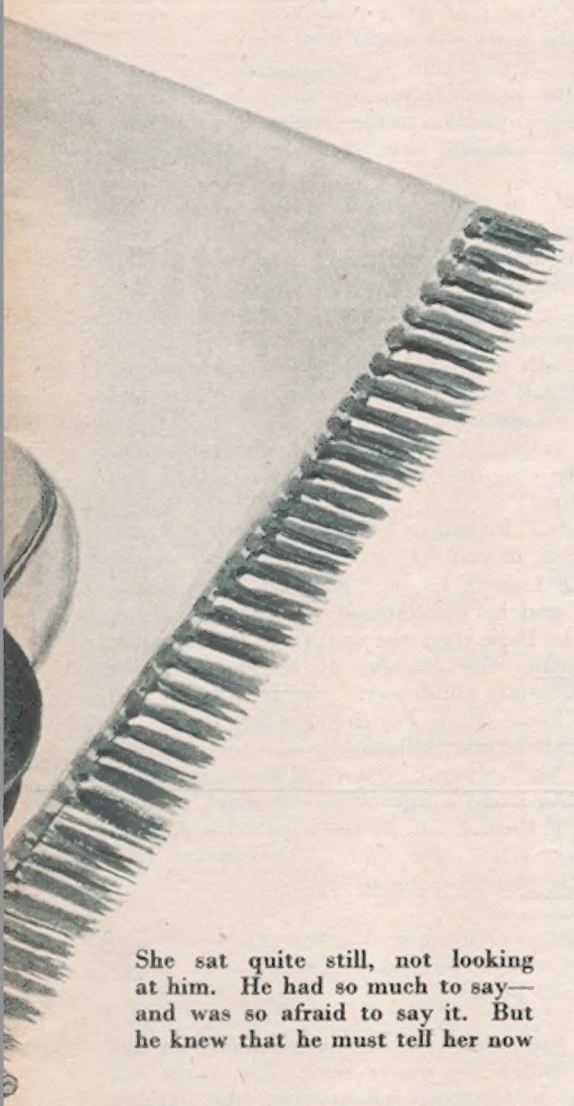
"I think I'll have a cigarette," the Laird said. "Only my second since luncheon—not bad, eh?"

The Laird was queer, but a nice enough old beezer, but Tam never felt quite comfortable with him and Annie together. It wasn't just the same.

"Well, Thomas," the Laird said after a while, "we shall miss you sadly, won't we, Annie?"

Annie Kintair grunted.

"What are you goin' to be when you grow



She sat quite still, not looking at him. He had so much to say—and was so afraid to say it. But he knew that he must tell her now

up, Thomas?" he asked half-way through his cigarette.

"He says a billionaire," she said.

"I never said no such thing, Annie," Tam protested before he could stop himself from saying it; but the going away was all in his mind, and he was vexed with her about that about the billionaire.

"Don't call me Annie," Anne Kintair muttered.

She liked him saying Annie when they were alone, but not with her dad or anyone else, which was a funny thing, too.

"Well, never mind," Colonel Kintair said, smiling to himself for some reason. "Billionaire or pauper, Anne or Annie, what the hell! Off you go, you two, and fry those trout and eat them; but not all nine, I trust."

"I could manage three," she said. "Two mediums and a small. You, Tam?"

"Four mebbe," he said. And he added politely: "Would the Laird fancy two of the decent yins to his breakfast?"

"Thank you, dear boy. I should indeed fancy two of the decent ones to my breakfast."

Tam took the nine trout in the basket, the seven for them, and the two for the Laird's breakfast, and he and Anne or Annie started round the Loch.

"Oh, Tam!" the Laird called after him. He always said Thomas. Now this time he said Tam.

"Yessir?"

"When I was away in the world, all the years I was away, I remembered Loch Rum on a day like this. Look at it, Tam."

Tam looked at it.

Then he and Annie went down by the burn, through the heather old and young and the black, burned patches. *Go back,* the cock grouse called. But they went on past the bad Green Bog that was so bonny a green, and over the last stone wall. The fields and the woods of Glentarkie were below them.

The Laird sat on beside Loch Rum. "Old idiot," he said aloud. The boy's too young to remember places. Life is before him, not memories.

But Anne, what will she do without him in this lonely place? Send her to a boarding-school, I'd better. Yes, dammit, send her off to school. "And yet, you know," he continued to himself, "a handsome boy like that, brilliantly clever, too, they say—what might not happen to the snobbish applecart in a few years' time? Oh, it's a pestilential lovely world. . . ."

T. GRANT GILLIES went into the Glentarkie Arms and rang a bell at the reception desk. In a few minutes, say five or six, an ample lady arrived. He introduced himself.

"I'm Miss Syme, the manageress," she said.

She turned round the hotel book and he registered: *T. G. Gillies, New York City, American.* T. Grant Gillies was his usual signature. He was Tom Gillies to his intimates, T. Grant Gillies in the business world.

"You've a good Scotch name," she conceded, meaning no better than all Scots names. "I'll show you the room."

"Thank you," he said. "My bags are in the car."

"The porter's off till five."

"I'll get them then," he said. He fetched his two cases, and followed her upstairs. "You said there might be a chance of a room with a bath."

"We've just the one," she explained, "but that won't be free until tomorrow. There's H and C in every room," she said, and went over to turn a tap to demonstrate. "I'll charge you the lower rate meanwhile," she said after that.

"Dinner from six," Miss Syme went on to the regulations, "and the dining-room closes at seven. It's union hours."

"Oh," he said. "By the way, Miss Syme, I like coffee for breakfast."

"I'll have to see," she said.

He felt the pillows. "And may I have a hard pillow, please?"

"Soft pillows is what the Americans like," she said.

"I happen to like a hard one."

"I'll have to see," said the manageress, and shut the door firmly behind her—meaning: *You Yanks, you think you can buy us up. A good Scotch name, too, to make it worse.* Two good Scottish names, if Miss Syme only knew.

Oh dear, he thought. These people. And he thought that he had gone far from here in the—how many was it?—twelve from thirty-eight—in the twenty-six years since he had left Glentarkie.

He washed and went downstairs. The lounge of the hotel was empty. He had never been in the Glentarkie Arms before. He went outside at about four o'clock of a June afternoon, and got into the rented English car. It was a sturdy machine, but small and fussy. He drove down Glentarkie in his modest grey suit in a modest black car. . . .

She was a widow now, with a son of nine. Anne Ritchie was her married name. He knew this and other things. He had caused discreet inquiries to be made.

Here was the shepherd's cottage, and the next bend in the road. . . . Now what would it be? The larches by the river, the biggest in all Scotland, so they used to say. Still four giant larches by the river. He did not remember what would come next, but each next thing along the winding road turned out to be familiar to him, except power cables dipping and curving up to a next pylon, and sweep to the next, and high to break the line of sky above Glentarkie.

Loch Rum lay in those hills. He had an excellent clear memory of Loch Rum. It seemed that he had to see the rest again and then remember it. He stopped the car in the wider place. A motor scooter—one of those trim Italian things—was there already.

The signboard said faintly: *To Falls of Tarkie.* The same sign, he supposed, the words now illegible to any stranger. He walked down the path, hoping that he would have an unshared view of the Falls of Tarkie.

The river narrowed from fifty feet to ten feet at the falls, which might be too steep to be named a rapid, too gradual to be properly a waterfall in the miniature Niagara sort of sense. The Tarkie fell loudly and whitely through its gorge, and lay deeply and darkly in the pool below.

We have more noble scenery, he thought about his homeland, but I must admit that we don't quite have, I don't know what it is, I guess it's the unities of perfection that we don't quite have, small and complete and yet big in themselves, if you see what I mean about Scotland. So he thought alone at the Falls of Tarkie, no one being present to disturb him.

He followed the narrow ledge around the pool, watching his step and pausing to watch for a salmon, but he saw no salmon. The ledge swung sharply left and widened. A woman was painting the Falls of Tarkie.

"I beg your pardon," said Tom Gillies. He bowed, having no hat to raise. "I didn't mean to disturb you."

She glanced at him and back at the painting, which was on canvas. "Not at all," the woman said. "Do come on past."

He went on past. On his own merits, and not through T. Grant Gillies, he was accustomed to a quickening of the eye of any woman. It was agreeable to him. The absence of it pricked his vanity.

"Would you mind sitting on that rock a minute?" she said, pointing the palette knife, not looking up. "I could use a figure there to square the composition. Yes, of course I could, what a brilliant idea, that line leading up, and that line out, exactly what it needs." She glanced in his general direction and up and down briefly. "I can give you some reasonable clothes."

HE walked round to the designated rock and sat. The waterfall was loud beside him. A fineness of spray touched his face and beaded his well-worn, well-pressed, unreasonable grey flannel suit.

He thought yet again that these people were now far from being his own people. He saw a salmon try the first jump, a good fish, twenty pounds or so, a silvery torpedo at the Falls of Tarkie, a lemon-yellow roll of belly at that ledge, and tumble back into the pool.

My God, he thought, turning to look at the artist thirty or so yards away, it's Annie Kintair. She brandished the knife, and he faced the falls again, and thought: I remembered it all the moment I saw it, all except what I came to see. And what did I expect to see?

He sat on, watching for salmon, but he saw no more. The voice just reached him through the close thunder of the falls. "Yoo-hoo," she called once.

She wore a skirt of faded tweed, a sweater and a scarf. The spindle-shanks? The skinny child

The powerful and dramatic record of a nightmare trek from Siberian slavery

THE LONG WALK

Crisis on the trek : a brilliant Oliphant illustration

by SLAVOMIR RAWICZ

IT was midnight on April 11, 1941. Slavomir Rawicz lay awake on his bunk in a Siberian slave-labour camp. Awake . . . and waiting. A hand tapped his shoulder, and a voice whispered: "Now!"

One by one from the dark silent hut, seven men crept out past their guards into the blinding snowstorm of an icy wilderness.

Slavomir Rawicz

Theirs was a pitifully simple plan—and incredibly dangerous. Without maps or compass, with few clothes to guard against the paralysing cold, and with only a small store of food, they set off to walk thousands of miles across Asia to freedom. But they were desperate men, ready to risk everything.

Rawicz, a young Polish cavalry officer, faced twenty-five years' forced labour for "spying." Russian secret police had snatched him from his wife, tortured him to force a confession, then sent him on a nightmare cattle-truck journey to Siberia.

In the slave camp he chose six men to join him on the perilous escape southwards . . . through Siberia, into Outer Mongolia and unknown Tibet, and over the treacherous, ice-sheathed Himalayas to the sanctuary of India.

On the way they recruited another fugitive, a young Polish girl, Kristina, who was running from forced labour on a collective farm. She shared the appalling privations of their march.

Rawicz stored in his memory every tense moment of that incredible, year-long trek; the gruelling flight through freezing Siberia; the searing eternity of weeks in the Gobi Desert; strange encounters with Mongol and Tibetan nomads; the swift tragedy of disease . . . and death.

The Long Walk is a powerful real-life drama of heartbreak and courage. It is vividly illustrated by Oliphant, and . . .

BEGINS IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

with the golden mop? He went round to the place where she sat again on one rock with her canvas propped against another.

"Want to have a look?" she said, her eyes bright on her picture.

He stood behind her to have a look. It's good, he thought with some surprise. It's very strong and very good. Where did you learn to paint like that? he wondered.

"I never did manage to get it before," she said. "Now at last I think I have."

Black hair, brown skin, a khaki shirt, the dark greens of a kilt, a man's figure dashing boldly beside the ferns, the wet grey rocks and breaking water. The barefooted man was not Tom Gillies, pale from New York City; but it might be him as he might have been.

"I think your painting is wonderful," he said.

"With acknowledgments to Tam Gillies?" Still half a question as she looked round at him, smiling; diffident, she seemed. "Is it you, Tam?"

"Yes," he said. "It's me. How on earth did you know?"

"The nose and the chin," she said. "The black Scotsman's profile. Your colouring has changed, of course. I wonder why all Americans are rather sallow."

I wonder why all Americans are rather sallow, period, full stop. "Queer, Annie, eh?" he said in the old speech.

She laughed. "Now I know it's really you. Nobody else ever called me Annie. Are you still Tam?"

"Tom," he said. "Tom now, they call me. Still Tam to you."

"Oh, I don't know," she said. She looked away, and he remembered the changes of her face. In those days she spoke out the thoughts that made the changes of her face. "Our happy, happy childhood!" she now said. "So you're home again. For the very first time?"

"Yes," he said, although it was not home for him. "My firm sent me over to Europe on business, and I had a day or two to spare, so here I am, or there I am, at the Glentarkie Arms."

"Poor you!" she said. "That Syme is a perfectly ghastly woman."

He laughed.

"Does everything seem different?"

"Not a bit," he said. "Except a few things like power lines."

BUT the main difference he had found lay not in things like power lines. The main difference now stood before him, the Laird's daughter with a plain ring on her third finger, eyeing the gardener's son with no rings on his fingers.

"You don't look like a billionaire chewin' gum," she said. "Do you remember that last day, fishing in the loch?"

"Yes," he said. "That's the one thing I remember all of a piece. No such luck," he said about the billionaire.

"Terrible luck, it would be," she said. "I can't think of a worse fate than being Croesus."

"Why?" he asked. "Couldn't you do some good with the money?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "On your own terms, and never allowed to escape those terms, however hard you might want to try. It would be bound to get you in the end, unless it made you the saint in the billion. See what I mean, Tam?"

"Well," he said, "I guess I do."

"Your father and mother?" she asked him, putting tubes of paint away.

"They're well," he said. "I was sorry to hear that the Laird had died."

"He was walking the hill one afternoon, and he just popped off. Rather a nice way, don't you think?"

"Yes," he said. "The way I would like to think of him dying."

"I don't believe you've changed a bit," she

Continued on page 36

Speed in my blood

by DONALD CAMPBELL

On Lake Mead, Nevada, Campbell drives Bluebird at 216.2 miles an hour and shatters his own record

Beginning the tremendous success story of the fastest man afloat

IT was four o'clock in the morning and the American gambling town of Las Vegas was still wide awake. Its roulette tables, night clubs and gay cabaret shows were in full swing. I had sat for some time watching the continuous and scintillating floorshow at the Sahara Hotel and was now drinking my breakfast coffee. I could not help smiling as I looked at the other revellers. At dawn, in a couple of hours, they would be making for their beds and a jaded sleep. And I?—I would be thirty miles away, streaking across the waters of Lake Mead at more than two hundred miles an hour in my turbo-jet hydroplane, Bluebird. By the time the sun was up, I hoped, I would have broken my own world water speed record.

I finished my coffee and walked out to a waiting car with Leo Villa, my oldest friend and chief engineer. Great golden stars were glinting in a chilly black velvet sky as we drove to the lake, hoping for calm water and no wind at dawn—the period of the day normally best suited for record attempts. But at the lake we were at once confronted with trouble. During the night somebody had stolen the cable connecting the electric timing apparatus at the start and finish of the measured kilometre. By the time more cable had been obtained, laid out, and the apparatus reconnected, the sun had risen. Its rays, glinting on the lake, were like an arc light.

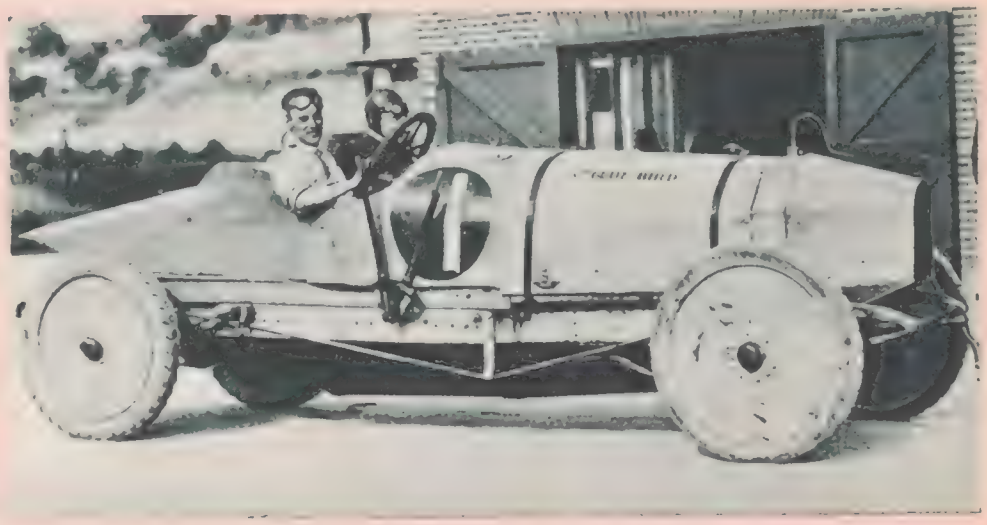
I could not run the risk of my eyes being dazzled, or of driving Bluebird at high speed with no proper vision. And so, once again, there developed one of those pauses apparently inseparable from record attempts and which so often seem interminable. I went over to our caravan on the lake shore, cursing and hoping that the wind would not rise and whip up wavelets on the lake. I lay down on my bunk and began to think.

Another attempt and another lake. How many had there been for me? There had been that time with my father, Sir Malcolm

Victory smile at Lake Mead. Seven years ago Campbell had never driven a racing speedboat

Malcolm Campbell, with son. Donald remembers that his father's justice was swift—and corporal

Jean Campbell and her brother Donald were in many scrapes together. Once they set a haystack alight



Right: The first Bluebird. After his successes with this 3.9-litre Darracq, Malcolm Campbell called all his cars—and later his boats—by the same name

Campbell, at Lake Hallwil, Switzerland, in September, 1938, when he had raised the world record to 130.93 miles an hour. I had been with him again in August, 1939, at Lake Coniston, in the Lake District, when he had increased it to 141.74 miles an hour.

Then, after his death, I had returned to Lake Coniston in August, 1949, in the hope of improving his record and keeping it for Great Britain. But it had been won for the United States, and it was to elude me for six years. There had been two more lakes—Garda, in Italy, and Ullswater, not far from Coniston. I felt a slight twinge of nostalgia for Ullswater, where I had at last reclaimed the record and raised the speed to 202.32 miles an hour on July 23, 1955.

And now here I was, at man-made Lake Mead, in Nevada in the United States. Great mountains towered over and frowned down on the tiny stretch of water we had selected for our course—a bare three miles, which included a measured kilometre. It was a tight fit.

I wondered briefly: *what may go wrong this time?* So many things had gone wrong over the years. Could I keep Bluebird from crashing into the mountain sides? And what if she sank again? A month ago to the day, on October 16, 1955, Bluebird had gone to the bottom of Lake Mead, and I shall never forget the sight of her blunt snout sliding quietly out of sight into fifty feet of water, with the two floats on each side of her nose seeming almost like stunted but raised and despairing arms. Thanks to the help of the United States Navy we had got her up, overhauled her, changed her jet engine, and soon had her running again. And now it was November 16. What a month it had been!

All the while I had been cheered by letters and cables from my wife Dorothy, back in England. She, too, had been busily preparing for November 16, for on that day she was to make her television début as commère of a B.B.C. programme. I had already sent her a cable wishing her good luck. Perhaps in a few hours I would be able to follow that with another telling of my own success. Then I gave up thinking and drifted into a deep sleep.

The next thing I remembered was a hand nudging my shoulder and I heard Leo Villa saying: "It's time we were moving, Don."

I yawned and stretched. I felt very fit, my mind calm and rested. I lit a cigarette, got up from the bunk and moved over to the window to look out at the lake. The water seemed calm and placid and there appeared to be no wind.

"O.K., Don?" asked Leo.

"Yes, fine!"

We went out to Bluebird, and the routine of a run began. Our launches took up their positions, one at the refuelling point at the end of the course, another near the centre. I climbed into Bluebird's cockpit and was towed out by a launch holding the starting batteries. When Bluebird was moving under her own power I threaded her gently through a small flotilla of craft in the little harbour, and aimed her towards the point of the mountain side where I would turn on to the measured course.

It was stifling in the cockpit and I was thankful to be wearing a nylon shirt. I increased speed gently and gradually and talked into the radio, reporting the rising thrust of the engine. The mountain side drew rapidly nearer. It looked like a cold, sinister, tremendous wall.

I heard Leo's voice in my earphones: "The water's not too good towards the end of the course, skipper."

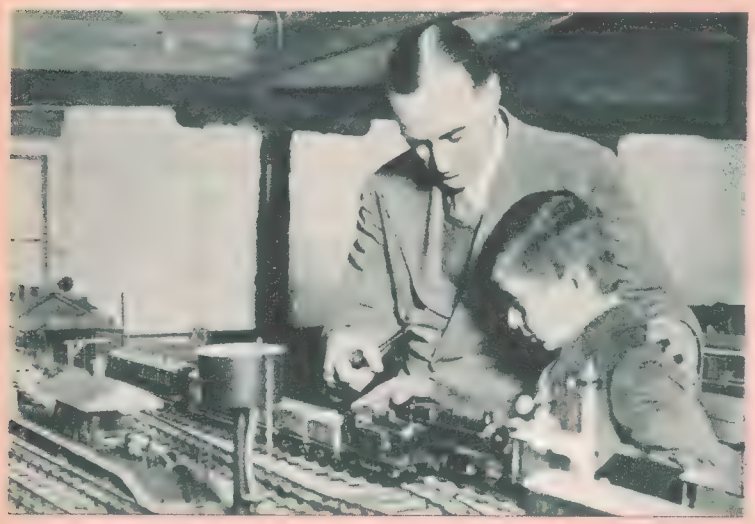
This was unsettling, but I felt that conditions could not be too bad or Leo would have called off the run.

The mountain side came up quickly towards me. I began to turn Bluebird to bring her on to the course. We were just ten yards away from an almighty rock as I completed the turn—not much room, but enough. Then I pointed her straight down the course.

"Accelerating now!" I said into the mike. Bluebird dipped to port slightly, but I kept my foot moving down very gently but firmly on the throttle. Her nose lifted and then the stern, and soon we were planing, skimming over the water on three points.

I looked at the air speed indicator. It was moving steadily across the dial. The balloon marking the start of the measured kilometre rushed at me. A moment later it blurred past, and I glanced at the air speed indicator again. We were doing 205 miles an hour—travelling

When Jean Campbell was seven, her father became the first man to drive at four miles a minute. His new world record was 245.73 miles an hour



Sir Malcolm Campbell bought his son Donald a model railway. But after a fortnight he was running it himself

At Brooklands, Donald Campbell, then aged five, sits in the cockpit of his father's 2.3-litre Bugatti. "I would return home," he recalls, "covered in oil, dirt and grease"

faster already than the average speed of the record run at Ullswater.

A jumble of thoughts flashed through my mind: "How 'not too good' is the water at the other end of the course? What speed will Bluebird do? Will she start vibrating suddenly? Keep her straight and remember you've got no room to spare at the other end. Damn these mountains. But to hell with thinking."

My foot went down. The lake leaped at me. And I seemed to be driving over an ice-surfaced road, rocketing into space. . . .

STRIVING for speed records is very much like exploring. The faster man travels, the more difficulties he encounters, the more he is determined to overcome and understand them; and as he proceeds, stage by stage, so gradually he penetrates farther into the unknown. It becomes something of a disease in the blood, which feeds on inclination and atmosphere.

I was born into and grew up in an atmosphere of continuous striving for greater speed and higher speed records. It was settled firmly over our home, at Povey Cross, in Surrey, for throughout my childhood Father was establishing and re-establishing the world's land speed record.

By the time I was eighteen he had held this record no fewer than eight times, and he had been three times winner of the world's water speed record, which he still held when he died.

I was born on March 23, 1921, and, until the second World War began in September, 1939, the ambitions and achievements of my father were the dominating interests of and influence on my life. We became the greatest of friends, and as close in companionship as any father and son. Next to him in my life were my sister Jean, my junior by two and a half years, with whom I used to play and fight and find trouble; and Leo Villa, who became Father's chief mechanic in May, 1921, and to whom I used to turn almost automatically during my childhood to keep me out of trouble. I may add that it is a rôle he still performs occasionally to this day.

Father was always proud of our Scots descent. He used to tell us tales of one of our ancestors who fought for Bonnie Prince Charlie at Culloden Moor with a broad sword made by Andrea Ferrara, the famous Italian. I inherited this sword on Father's death and today, with its hand-guard like old polished pewter, it rests on an ancient oak beam over the open fireplace in my home at Betchworth, in Surrey, a former farm cottage dating back to Elizabethan days.

Father used to tell us of our great-great-grandfather, who walked six hundred miles, from Tain to London, to join the Duke of Wellington's army and to fight at Waterloo; and who, after the battle, founded a firm of diamond merchants in Cheapside, where he prospered and was succeeded by his son and grandson.

This grandson was my grandfather, a strict Victorian by all accounts and a disciplinarian who did not spare the rod—a characteristic which Father inherited. He sent Father to school at Uppingham and then into Lloyd's; and, in due time, Father made similar decisions for me.

With a shrewd business brain, Father prospered at Lloyd's. He was the first to insure newspapers against libel actions. But his dominating interest was in cars and speed, to which he was able to devote his ambitions in the foreground of a flourishing business.

Like his Highland ancestors, Father was a small man, not much more than five feet eight inches, but very strong and wiry and powerful of wrist. He had twinkling, steely blue eyes that fairly glittered whenever he became angry, which was not infrequently during my young days—and not, I admit, without cause. As children we knew and recognized the coming of a storm. Father would sniff and twitch his nose. Then we would make ourselves scarce and keep out of his sight until we heard him laughing, which would not be very long, for his anger soon evaporated.

THEY were happy days at Povey Cross. Father modernized an Elizabethan farmhouse, mellowed with age, but retained its character and charm. He added two wings, and central heating, and provided electricity by a generating plant in the old farm buildings, which were converted into a garage and a huge workshop.

It was the workshop that was my main

Naming a new Bluebird in 1939 when Donald was eighteen. He worked for a City firm and was thought to have a weak heart

interest as a small boy. It seemed to me a vast, cavernous place with its bench about forty or fifty feet long; there the main work on Father's latest racing cars was done. I was drawn to it as though by a magnet as soon as I could escape from the governess and the nursery. In it I found an exciting smell of oil and machinery and the most wonderful things to play with. And in the workshop I always found Leo Villa, who became my guardian angel.

Leo was short, square, stubby and, in those days, had curly black hair. His patience was as permanent as his smile, yet it must often have been sorely tried whenever I arrived in the workshop. It seems that large oil cans squirting a satisfying flow and the drip-feed oilers on the electric generating plant were among my chief objectives, for he was for ever cleaning up large patches of oil before Father could see them.

The weekends were our happiest times, for Father loved his Sunday at home. We would see little of him during the week, and on Saturdays he was invariably at Brooklands or wherever he was preoccupied with his latest car. But on Sundays we often had him to ourselves, and then he would watch us racing round the paths in our pedal cars, one of them modelled like a Bugatti by Leo, and later on our bicycles.

Sometimes Father would take me to Brooklands, where I could play while he tested his latest car. Though full of awe at the array of cars, the noise, the smell of exhaust, the speed and the colourful personalities, I would strut about feeling very proud of being Captain Malcolm Campbell's son. I used to leave home looking like a cherub and return like an urchin, smothered in oil smudges, dirt and grease.

Sometimes Jean came with me to Brooklands and we would often see Father chatting with Lord Howe, one of the leading drivers of the day, and discussing cars and performances. Inevitably, "Malcolm and Howe" became a favourite game to play in our pedal cars.

Jean and I were often in trouble, yet for all his sternness on such occasions there was something essentially boyish about Father himself. It was this trait, together with that of putting all his mental and physical energy into anything he did, which caused me to lose the first mechanical toy I really appreciated.

It was a model railway and Father gave it to me one Christmas. All morning I played with it on the floor of our big lounge, but by afternoon my innate curiosity, or engineering instinct, or both, were at work, and I began to take the engine to pieces—to Father's horror. Instantly he ordered that I was not to play with the railway unless he was present.

All went well for about a fortnight while he presided, and then the inevitable happened. Father took over the railway himself. He transferred everything to one of the outbuildings, laid down a permanent track, bought more rails, engines and trucks. He enjoyed it all immensely, forbidding me to see it without special permission. In time, he added no fewer than four separate tracks, a mass of tunnels, stations, sidings and rolling stock.

Father's great interest in model railways took nothing from his enthusiasm for racing cars. He liked to have me with him in spite of my ability to attract trouble, for I can remember playing on the sands at Pendine, in South Wales, at the age of six when he was making another attempt on the world record. In 1924, at Fanoe Beach, in Denmark, he failed, for the fourth time, to win the record, but in 1925 he became the first man to drive at 150 miles an hour. Now, in 1927, he was to raise the record at Pendine to 174.2 miles an hour.

My chief memories of that occasion are of the soft sand that seemed always to be damp with rain and the repeated calls for boards to put under the wheels of the car. She used to be brought out from a garage near our hotel at low tide, but if she stopped before reaching the beach she would sink to her axles in the sand, and only boards could prevent her from becoming bogged down.

Not long after our return home from Pendine, Father decided that it was time for me to go to boarding school and out of harm's way. Aged not more than six and a half, I was packed off to Horsham, and later, in 1930, moved on to St. Peter's, at Seaford, Sussex.

It was during my period at Seaford that Father became the first man to drive a car at four miles a minute. He regained the world's record at Daytona, in Florida, on February 5, 1931, with a speed of 245.73 miles an hour.

On his return to London it was announced that His Majesty King George V had been pleased to award to Captain Campbell the honour of knighthood, and Father was given a reception in the ancient Westminster Hall. Herbert Morrison, then Minister of Transport, was one of the speakers.

I was in bed at school with influenza at the time, but Jean, then little more than seven years of age, went with father to Westminster Hall, where the photographers' flash bulbs seemed to frighten her more than the ceremony impressed her. Although it was one of the highlights of his life, Father had very little to say about his knighthood when I returned home on holiday; he remained ambitious to drive still faster.

Jean and I now became drivers ourselves. Father bought an old bull-nosed Morris Oxford for about £5, Leo converted it into a flat-bottomed truck for doing a number of odd jobs at Povey Cross, and we both insisted on learning to drive around the fields. Under Leo's tuition we were soon careering about, but coming to no harm. Indeed our only serious mishap was some years later at Headley Grove when, tearing round the corner of a cinder track, we hit a tree. The near front wheel came adrift and there were urgent appeals to Leo to mend the damage before Father returned home. I was about ten then, I remember.

In 1934 it was time for me to leave St. Peter's and, like Father before me, I went to Uppingham. On my very first night there I was reminded that he had preceded me for, while feeling new and strange, I stood on my bed in the dormitory of West Deyne House gazing around. The beds were in cubicles separated by a passage, and on one of the beams was a mass of initials.

Suddenly I spotted Father's: "M.C. 1899." And in due time I carved my own underneath: "D.M.C. 1934."

I had not been at Uppingham long before I was asked one day:

"Are you Sir Malcolm Campbell's son?"

I said that I was.

"Can you get me his autograph?"

I said I thought so.

For a time this became quite a profitable undertaking, for Father used to write to me regularly every Tuesday—a neat, typewritten letter, with his signature sprawled underneath. But it was not long before I had saturated the market, and, as time went on, the number of sweets or other worthwhile swaps that I could extract dwindled. Business, it seemed, was not my strong point.

Now that Father had driven at four miles a minute he was determined to increase his speed to five miles a minute—three hundred miles an hour—and then to retire. His letters were full of interest for me, particularly when he discussed going to Daytona again in February, 1935.

But I was furious to learn that not only was he

Continued on page 43

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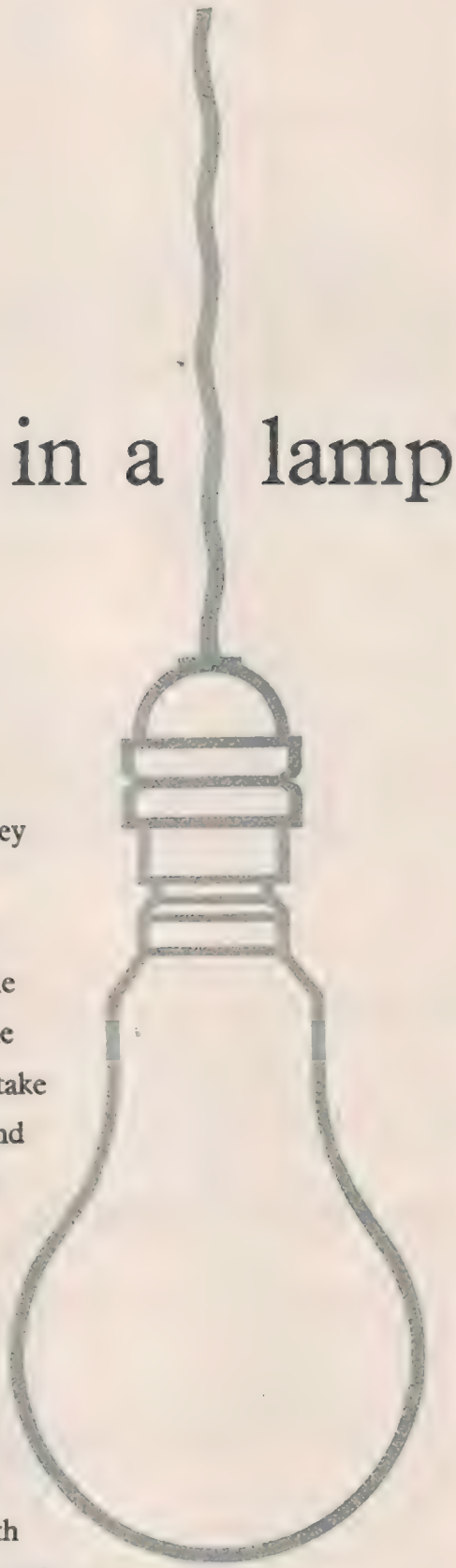

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by JOHN HARMAN

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JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

In his laboratory, Greaves stocks a thousand different strains of bacteria. To cover a pin-head, he would need 400 million microbes

WHEN a Lancashire mill resumed work after a wakes week, mysterious damage had been done in a warehouse. A £500 bale of white cotton cloth was covered with yellow stains. They had not been made by mildew, and no amount of washing and dyeing could remove or hide them.

Puzzled, the management sent a square of the fabric to the Chemical Research Laboratory at Teddington, Middlesex. After a fortnight of experiments, a bacteriologist named Stanley Greaves identified the culprits—seething millions of *Sarcina flava*, a strain of bacteria so small that he had to magnify them 1,500 times before they were visible under his microscope.

"The air in the warehouse, like the air all around us, was infected with bacteria, and some of that particular strain had floated on to the cloth," he says. "The cloth had got damp and proved to be an ideal breeding ground. A week was long enough for the bacteria to gain a hold."

The mill profited from the incident by ensuring that the warehouse was dry in future, while Greaves, a spare, quiet-spoken Mancunian of forty-nine, was glad to acquire the bacteria for his collection.

Known as the National Collection of Industrial Bacteria, it is unique in Europe. It has one thousand different strains which have come from as far afield as Australia and Japan. Greaves, as curator, is responsible for keeping them alive and healthy. Ranging in colour from an opalescent white to red, yellow, orange and purple, they

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Walking on a work of art

by RENÉ LECLER

A new design is discussed by Marchetti (left) and designer Leslie Ingram. In the mirrors, they see the final offect

Girls feed the coloured yarns on to rollers. Each one represents a line of the pattern revolving before them

Marchetti (centre) supplied new carpeting for Covent Garden. When he saw cigarette burns, officials promptly fitted ashtrays

Music by Debussy, doodles on a blotter, autumn leaves in New England . . . if they're elegant enough, Tommy Marchetti weaves them into his carpets

Final inspection of a carpet. Tastes vary from one region to another, but no one seems to like walking on fruit

Loom operator June Carroll weaves a carpet. There are 820 standard colours for Axminster types alone

ONE morning in the summer of 1947, Tommy Marchetti walked into the design room of the carpet mill that he helps to run in Halifax and threw a huge armful of flowers on a drawing-board. Freshly cut from his garden on the Pennine slopes, they were mostly old-fashioned English flowers like dahlias, cabbage roses, hollyhocks and clematis.

He called a chief designer, Leslie Ingram, and said: "I want you to design a carpet from these. It's got to be Victorian and so lifelike that even Tennyson's Maud will think that it's 'the garden.'"

A few weeks later, Marchetti showed the result—a colourful jumble of pastel-coloured blooms—to London carpet buyers. He says: "They just turned up their noses." One of his competitors even described it as "the perfect example of how not to make a floral carpet." Within a week, Marchetti went to the United States on a sales tour. He found a Victorian craze sweeping the country, and the "dahlia" carpet was an overnight success. To date, Marchetti has sold over two hundred miles of it.

A tall, debonair, fifty-four year old Yorkshireman of Italian descent, Marchetti is vice-chairman of the old-established carpet firm of John Crossley & Sons which his own grandfather, a political refugee from Italy, first joined by marrying a Crossley girl in the 1860s. Since then, the two families have divided the work of the mill between themselves; the Crossleys look after production and the Marchettis supervise the design and sales side. Since its amalgamation with a Kidderminster concern last year, Marchetti's firm has become one of the largest in an industry which, in 1954, employed 31,000 workers. That year, British firms produced 46¼ million square yards of carpet of which seventeen per cent went for export.

MARCHETTI describes himself as an artist and a salesman. He is also a carpet fanatic. "He is the sort of man," says one of his friends, "who, at a party, shakes his hostess by the hand and looks down at the carpet." For his carpet designs, he has toured the world and dabbled in nature studies, history, architecture and folklore. He is constantly working on new trends or ways of rejuvenating old designs.

Everything that Marchetti sees is liable to become a carpet in the end. Once, during an American sales tour, he spent a day walking through the New England hills. The fantastic colours of the autumn leaves so enchanted him that he gathered an armful of them, had them dipped in hot wax to preserve their tints, and took them back to Halifax. The Laurentian leaves became a carpet with colours ranging from the bright red of the maple through many coppery shades into the dark browns. He kept the preserved bundle of leaves as a souvenir.

After listening to a record of Debussy's "Clair de Lune" one evening, he asked his artists to paint a carpet inspired by the music. They produced a dreamy pattern of freely flowing scrolls on a grey-blue ground. It has become a best seller. During his chairmanship of the British Colour Council some years ago, Marchetti attended every dress show of the season in London "to see what colours women were wearing." As a result, he made the first carpets in the popular "sherry" tints. Anything unusual catches his eye. Once, at a London party, he saw a girl wearing a coat of an unusual green. He approached her and said: "Would you mind lending me your coat for a few days? I want to make a carpet like it."

While on holiday in Sicily, he sketched ancient mosaic designs which, this winter, are being incorporated in a new carpet. A gifted dilettante, Marchetti does not design carpets himself, though he admits to at least one personal creation. Some years ago, when the film *Mr. Deeds Comes To Town* was being shown in this country and popularizing the "doodle," he attended a board meeting and doodled on his blotting-pad, writing down things like the price of chickens, "Whitehall 1212" and other squiggles. Unknown to him, his designers took away the blotting paper and designed a carpet from it. It was shown that year at the British Industries Fair. Marchetti says: "Even if I say so myself, the carpet was received with great amusement. Columbia Pictures ordered a large yardage of it for its Hollywood offices, and we had orders from Frank Capra and Gary Cooper." The doodle design has since sold steadily on nursery rugs.

Not all carpet designs are so entertaining, however. "This business," says Marchetti, "is seventy-five per cent bread and butter, twenty per cent currant cake and five per cent cream cake—but most of the time we play safe."

He personally favours the less conventional twenty-five per cent, and some of these rather advanced designs have sold well. They include one with a tapestry effect illustrating Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, and a warlike carpet, full of panoplies of arms and weapons. The vicar of a London church once toured the Crossley showrooms looking for something special for his vestry and decided on this design. Aghast, the salesman whispered: "What about all these battleaxes and things?" The vicar replied: "My dear fellow, there are a lot of battleaxes in my congregation."

Some carpets—all his designs are named—Marchetti has never been able to sell. They include a scheme called "London—Morning, Noon And Night" and "Neptune," a whimsical idea with mermaids wearing long gloves, and seahorses with coronets on their heads. Marchetti says: "I tried hard to sell this one to a famous London fish restaurant but they weren't interested. Perhaps they thought that it would look too much like the stuff that the customers get on their plates."

During years of study, Marchetti has found some strange quirks in public taste: he discovered early on, for instance, that people do not like walking on human figures and that most customers refuse to walk on fruit. "I suppose they fear that it will squash."

IN a firm which employs more than two thousand people in a sprawling mill covering thirty-three acres of floor space, Marchetti has about twenty designers working for him. The design rooms are light and airy and their walls are covered with sketches of carpets that might have been. Designers work with brushes, poster colour and paper: in a typical year they collectively use up to 440 square yards of paper, and there are 820 dyed yarn standard colours for Axminster carpets alone. The designers' freehand patterns are reproduced by girl copyists on squared paper. Each square represents one tuft of wool in the finished carpet.

When the design is ready, a colourist selects the best shades and then weaves a small trial "slip." This is shown to Marchetti. For many years, he had great difficulty in visualizing a whole carpet from this small sample, and because of the risks involved in weaving an unsuccessful carpet (a first order from him might cost the firm £40,000), he tried to better his own eye. Some months ago, a local optical firm made him what he calls "my hall of many mirrors." Set into the wall between his office and his design library, it is made of hundreds of small prismatic mirrors; he places a slip of carpet on a stand in front of the mirrors, goes to the other side of the apparatus and looks through a small eyepiece. The mirrors multiply the pattern until it appears to fill the whole room.

Marchetti's greatest difficulties came soon after the war when carpets were scarce and people were setting up home again after a break of years. All they wanted was a "bit of beige carpet." Marchetti says: "It was horribly plain and featureless—no doubt a revulsion from the over-decorated cubist patterns of the thirties. It was fatal for the progress of good carpet design."

He agrees that the public taste in carpets is

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JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Women Always Know

The firm was facing a crisis and there was only one way out—to bait the trap with Phoebe

by ***DUDLEY BARKER***

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

Phoebe and the man were sitting very close together when Percy came back. He braced himself and switched on his salesman smile

WHEN Michael Wethers came away from his interview with Sarnoff, the banker, he was talking quietly to himself. "Five-eighths per cent for document facilities, and five and a half per cent for the overdraft," he muttered. "He knows damn well we can't do it. Blast the credit squeeze, and blast Sarnoff!"

He scowled at the traffic blocking his way across Cannon Street, dodged between two lines of buses, turned down a narrow alley into a small paved court and climbed two flights of stairs to the office marked Smith and Wethers Ltd. Hearing his arrival, Phoebe Williams came dutifully in from the outer office.

"Anything in the cables?" he asked.

"Not much."

"Is Mr. Weaver in?"

"He has been in, and gone round to Christopher's. He said he'd be back in half an hour."

"Tell him I want him right away," said Wethers, settling to his desk. In fairness, he thought, he must tell him. Not that Percy Weaver would lack for a job if Smith and Wethers were to close. He was a bright young man, well thought of in the West African trade.

Wethers had sometimes wondered why Percy stayed with such a small firm of general produce brokers. He probably calculated that Wethers himself would not go on much longer and that, when he retired, he would hand the business over to him. . . . As I would, thought Wethers to himself. If, that is, there were anything to hand over.

"By the way," said Phoebe, "Mr. Moore is in London. He phoned just now and will look in this morning."

"Derek Moore from Freetown?"

"Yes. He's on leave. Docked early today, he said."

Wethers pondered this news. Takapa Estates, of which Moore was manager, were the biggest shippers out of West Africa. The principals, of course, were Syrians, wealthier than the Devil. Wethers wondered what it would be like to work for Syrians. Not too bad, probably. They seemed to give their English manager a free hand.

The trouble was, Moore spread his business over half a dozen brokers. If Smith and Wethers could get his exclusive agency, Sarnoff would soon change his attitude.

"We shall have to make a fuss of Mr. Moore," said Wethers to the girl. "Frankly, he could be of very great value to us just at this moment. We must go out of our way to entertain him."

Phoebe nodded understandingly.

"He hasn't been home on leave for three years," continued Wethers, "so I expect he'll want to see a spot of high life in London. So far as I recall, he's a bachelor. If he should want someone to go out dancing with, would you volunteer?"

Phoebe looked doubtful. Then she smiled. "Yes, of course," she said. "If you really want me to."

Wethers did want her to. A very agreeable dancing partner she would make, he thought. Fair hair, but not too blonde; good eyes, a merry face; an attractive little figure.

"You would be doing the firm a real service by playing host to him, Miss Williams," he said. "Frankly, we're fishing for his exclusive agency, and it would be specially useful just now."

"It would be a pleasure, Mr. Wethers," said Phoebe.

When, half an hour later, Percy Weaver came back, Phoebe said, "The old man wants you."

"What for?"

"Derek Moore's over here from Freetown. He

arrived today—on leave. We've got to butter him up."

"Hell! More parties!" said Percy with a groan, and went into the inner office.

"Sit down, Percy," said Wethers. "I've got something that I think you ought to know. Sarnoff is putting the squeeze on our credit."

"How much?"

"Five-eights per cent for facilities, and five and a half on the overdraft."

"The old buzzard!" cried Percy angrily. "We'll have to go somewhere else."

Wethers shook his head. "There isn't anywhere else to go while money's so tight. We haven't got the turnover to show them."

He stuffed his pipe slowly with tobacco and put a match to it. Percy lit a cigarette.

"We've had a run of cancelled shipments, that's all," said Percy. "Bad luck. Sarnoff knows that. We shall come out of it."

Wethers shook his head again. "Not on our present turnover. We might as well close."

And why not? he asked himself. Why was he bothering to struggle? His wife had died three years before. He had no son to follow him, and his daughter, married to a wartime soldier, had been in Canada, lost to him, for nearly ten years. If the firm went into liquidation, farming off the existing contracts, he could call it his retirement.

He had enough privately invested to live out a comfortable life in his small Surrey villa. Indeed, he might make that long-promised journey to Canada, to see in the flesh the grandchildren who were now only snapshots to him.

But then, looking at young Weaver, he remembered that a firm is not just one person.

"I'd be sorry to do that though, Percy," he said. "It doesn't matter to me. It's time I retired anyway. But I meant to hand the thing over to you in a couple of years. As it is, you'd better start looking round for another job."

"Funny, the way decisions are forced on one," mused the younger man. "It's decent of you, Mr. Wethers, all that about handing the firm over to me. But if we closed, I wouldn't be sorry."

"No?"

"Truth is, I've been trying for a long while to get up enough energy to cut clear of this whole city life and go abroad."

"You'd be mad. With the connections you've got, you'd be chucking away prosperity."

PERCY stubbed out his cigarette. "What am I doing with my life? That's what I ask myself. I was born in a London suburb. I still live there, travelling up to town each day in a suburban train, making the rounds of the same offices, going back to sleep every night. Weekends I get golf. I haven't been anywhere or seen anything. And I'm already twenty-nine."

"That's not so old."

"Now look at this chap Moore who, Phoebe tells me, is over here again. He has travelled and seen the world. He has had a gay, adventurous sort of life. And he certainly makes as much money as I do. No, Mr. Wethers, if you close, it's me for Africa or Malaya or anywhere. Maybe I'll come back to the City some day, but I'll see a bit of life first."

Wethers sighed. "Every young man feels like that, Percy. I did at your age. Young men always think they know what they want, but they never do. The thing I'm most grateful for, as an old man, is that I never took any of the opportunities that offered when I was young."

Percy smiled his disbelief.

"Anyway," said Wethers, rousing himself, "we're not done yet. If we can put our turnover up fifty per cent, Sarnoff will come to heel. Takapa, exclusive, would do the trick.

"It seems almost providential that Moore should turn up this very day. Give him the works, Percy. Entertain him regardless. Let's have a last fling and see if we can hook him."

"Naturally!" agreed Percy.

"Oh, by the way, I mentioned it to Miss Williams—not about the credit crisis, but about Moore. She says she'll lend a hand at entertaining him. Give her any help she needs—we'll even stand her a new dance frock, eh?"

Percy stared. Then he said slowly: "All right. The trap shall be properly baited."

When he returned to the outer office he saw that a tall, sun-tanned man was sitting next to Phoebe with his arm practically around her waist. And Phoebe was smiling at him in her best fetching manner. Percy braced himself, put on his salesman smile, and stretched out a hand.

"Why, hallo there, Mr. Moore. How good to see you. My, you're looking fit."

"I shouldn't be," replied the tall man. "Just got over a nasty go of malaria. Thought it was going to muck up my leave."

"Well, it certainly doesn't show," said Percy. "Wish I felt half as fit as you look. How long are you here for?"

"Couple of months."

Hell, thought Percy sinkingly, he would have to keep this up for two months. "I hope you plan to spend most of it in London," he said, "and we'll hit a few high spots together. Remember that night we had last time?"

Derek Moore smiled his remembrance. "I'll be in London for a while, and then I thought of going down to Hampshire for some fishing—got an old aunt near Romsey who'll put me up."

"Then we'll have to get cracking quickly. How about tonight?"

"Well, as a matter of fact tonight. . . ."

"Mr. Moore has kindly asked me to go

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He searches the jungle for guests

by JOHN ENNIS

When John Seago goes to the zoo, many of the animals are his friends. He met them in Africa, when they were free

Aboard ship, Seago feeds two of his charges. He gets animals used to their travelling

JOHN SEAGO, a slight, wiry member of the London Zoological Society, strolled round Regent's Park Zoo with an acquaintance a few weeks ago, paused by an enclosure containing two rare white rhinoceroses, and after glancing round to make sure he was not setting a bad example to children, called: "Gili-Gili." The larger rhinoceros, the male, lumbered towards him. Seago stretched out a hand and pushed his forefinger under the three-inch upper lip of the rhinoceros. Fatuously, the animal stood and let its mouth be tickled.

"Of course," Seago told his companion, "I never speak to an animal I don't know."

Seven years of earning their living by bringing animals out of Africa have put Seago and his colleague, Reginald Bloom, on speaking terms with many creatures in British zoos. With Bloom's wife, Margaret, and nineteen-year-old Tony Parkinson, they caught the white rhinoceroses, the fourth pair ever taken into captivity, in Uganda last spring. They have supplied British zoos with more than five hundred animals and birds, including zebras, hippopotomi, black rhinoceroses, giraffes, ostriches, giraffe-necked antelopes, hartebeests, lions, leopards, cheetahs, eagles, vultures, wild dogs, hyenas and monkeys. Seago has packed more animals off to European and American zoos.

THOUGH he is probably the leading Briton in his field, Seago hates to be thought of as a second Frank Buck, and he was angered when a newspaper called him "Jungle John."

"I do this job because I enjoy it," he says. "I cannot remember ever being in a dangerous situation with a wild animal."

Sometimes, however, he has had to take steps to avoid putting himself into danger. He quickly left the pen of the male white rhinoceros—which the zoo has re-named Ben—when, one day soon after its capture, the animal began frisking like a playful dog. "It was only being friendly," says Seago, "but it weighs about a ton. After all, it might have slipped."

On another occasion, a herd of elephants became bothered by being watched, and they began to run towards Seago's team. The team scrambled to one side. Seago, who had a movie camera, watched with regret. He could have got a good shot of the animals going by, but Tony Parkinson was carrying the tripod, and Seago was too breathless to hold the camera steady without it.

On the assumption that animals usually want to be left alone, Seago has found that often the best way to avoid running into trouble is to sit still and do nothing. From a car, he once photographed an elephant. The elephant caught sight of Seago and his team and charged. When it saw that they were not running away, it stopped, then comically ran backwards into a clump of trees. It repeated this timidly defiant action three times, then retreated to allow the car to pass along the road.

"I think it was just having a bit of fun," says Seago. "We learned afterwards that the same elephant had held up a car for an hour by refusing to move from the middle of the track."

Seago finds Margaret Bloom an asset to the team. "On her first trip in 1954, she immediately adapted herself to a rough life of truck-driving and camping in the bush." For seven years, Margaret worked in the reptile house at London Zoo. Her methods are competently casual. Finding they had no room for a fourteen-foot python they once caught, the team let it go. Later that evening, Seago found the snake stretched at full length in his tent. "What a wonderful photograph I could have got if it had done that in the daylight!" he remarked.

Mrs. Bloom, who was preparing supper, said, "I'll catch it for you and you can try again in the morning." She wiped the flour from her hands, picked up a forked stick and pinned the python behind its head. She held it with one hand behind its lower jaw while the others took the weight of the long body and helped Mrs. Bloom to put it in a crate. Then she went back to her cooking.

Seago and Bloom take pains to make the animals they collect grow used to their captured state as quickly as possible. They try to have them tamed before they reach the zoos. To do this, they sleep close by the pens of newly captured animals, and try to reassure them with comforting sounds. Parkinson was so successful with the white rhinoceroses that he was able, after a few weeks, to enter the pen and sit on the back of one.

SOME creatures swiftly learn to enjoy captivity. On the last trip, Seago decided that to transport a number of recently caught maribou storks to the coast would be too expensive, and he decided to free them. The team took away two sides of the pen, but for three days, the storks kept within the boundaries of the wall-less pen and they stayed near the camp until the team moved.

To ease the problem of transferring animals from the pens, in which they spend many weeks, to the crates in which they are transported, Seago and Bloom try to accustom them to the crates in advance. They push the crates, open-ended, against an opening in the pen, then place the animals' food in the crate.

Some animals remain wary. One of the white rhinoceroses found a way of stretching its hind legs out to prevent the door of the crate from closing, while it pulled food nearer with the tip of its nose.

Only one animal ever gave the expedition serious trouble when the time came for leaving. A hartebeest, on the last trip, was eating quietly in the crate, but the door jammed noisily as Dr. Fritz Appelman, of Rotterdam Zoo, tried to close it. The hartebeest leaped out, and would not go in again. Finally, Seago decided to pull the animal in with a rope.

It stood quietly while an African knotted the rope round its horns and led the rope through to the back of the crate. Seago, sure the rope would prevent it turning and attacking him, went in the pen too. "I slapped her like a cow, and in she went."

Some years ago, as he was about to leave for Africa, Seago was asked by Lord Chaplin, then

crates before the start of their long sea journeys

Left : The team spots a rhinoceros. Seago has supplied British zoos with more than five hundred animals

Below : At sea, Tony Parkinson feeds a zebra. Some animals quickly learn how to enjoy their captivity

secretary of the Zoological Society of London, to bring back some Johnston's sunbirds, which live high on Mount Kenya and had, at that time, never been displayed in a zoo.

Bloom and Seago drove in a lorry up a mountain track that had previously been conquered only by a jeep. They reached twelve thousand feet, and found the birds. Bloom discovered that the sunbirds went higher up the mountain in the daytime, then returned to feed off insects and nectar on protea bushes in the evening. Each bird has its own bush, and will fight off an intruder. Bloom put a compound on the branches that was sticky enough to delay a bird's take-off. Then he fixed dummy male birds as mock intruders.

As soon as Bloom and Seago caught a bird, they put its bill into a feeding pot containing a mixture of glucose and milk. Each bird ate straight away. "They would feed, hold their heads up and look round, then feed again. It never ceased to surprise us," says Seago. "Within three days, they would come voluntarily to eat out of our hands. They learned that the sound of a fly-swatter meant a dead fly, and they would scramble round looking for it."

To make captured animals feel happier while they wait in Africa for transportation to their new homes, Seago tries to give each of them a companion. If he has only one of a species, he tries to find it a friend of another species. "They will make the most extraordinary friendships," he says.

He had a crested crane and a buck that became inseparable. Once he had a baby baboon, deserted by its parents. He put it with a domesticated rabbit. The rabbit learned to hop cheerfully around with the baboon clinging to its back. Another time, he bought a lynx that had been put with a Siamese cat by its previous owner. He took them both to Rotterdam Zoo. "We were unable to give the lynx our undivided attention, and the poor thing would have had nothing if we had taken away the cat."

Once Seago came across a bull terrier and a lion that had been brought up together. The bull terrier was older, and when the lion was small, the dog acted as senior partner. When Seago saw them, though the lion was two-thirds grown, the much smaller dog retained its mastery. When food came, the dog had only to growl for the lion to give it priority.

Seago, who is forty-seven, has his home in England at his family's farm in Norfolk. Before the war, he worked in the film industry, and in 1938 he went as assistant production manager on a film being shot in West Africa. Fascinated by the country, he made up his mind to return. First, he spent the war years in command of a small trawler on coastal patrol. Bloom, who is now thirty-one, added years to his age to become the ship's coxswain while still in his teens.

Seago made his first animal-collecting trip to East Africa, with Bloom, in 1948. Nowadays, he says, he feels as much at home there as he does in Norfolk. The team even have a favourite tree, two hundred miles north of Nairobi, under which they like to camp. "There is a burning wind there, and small mountains that turn from gold to blue and then purple, according to the time of day."

When Seago boards the ship for home, his troubles are not ended. Once, at Port Sudan, passengers from a liner crowded on board the cargo ship where he had his animals in open-sided crates. Children were racing around while their parents prodded the animals, which became restless. Referring to their restlessness, a woman told Seago: "It's a shame." Seago replied: "They were all right until a lot of stupid people began annoying them." He cleared the ship, and put up a notice: "This is a private ship, not a zoo."

His most hectic shipboard moment came one day three years ago when he released a wildebeest, a large member of the buck family, while he cleaned out its box. A seaman came by, thought the animal had escaped, and began waving his arms. The frightened wildebeest darted from him, round a corner, and found itself in strange territory on the main deck alleyway.

Seago managed to grab it by the tail. It dragged him along until it saw a doorway that it probably mistook for the opening to its box. It was the doorway of the officers' dining-room. The wildebeest ran in.

The ship's captain halted a forkful in mid-air as Seago shot past, still clinging to the animal's tail. The wildebeest raced through the dining-room into the galley, realized its mistake, and charged out. Seago found time to yell: "It's all right, it's real," to the astonished captain before the wildebeest ran through the door, along the deck and back into its box. THE END

One of the rare white rhinoceroses at Regent's Park Zoo meets Seago (left) and Dr. L. Harrison Matthews, the director. It was caught in Uganda

DUTY

by ***PAUL HORGAN***

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

The general was bitter and confused. His best friend and soldier had simply vanished just before a battle

"YES, thirteen years ago precisely, in 1874," said Major-General Alexander Upton Quait to Lieutenant Matthew Hazard, riding beside him, "I crossed this same waste of desert land, and for much the same reason."

The two officers were leading a mounted column of United States Cavalry south-westerly across a great flat country in the Territory of Arizona. The month of the year was November and the time of day around noon, when the heat of the desert rose sharply, lifting strange winds that did strange work on the features of the earth. In the distance on all sides rose separated towers of rock, all different, all fantastic, that seemed like posts marking the boundaries of a wild, barren park.

"Yes," continued the general, "this looks very much like the place as I saw it thirteen years ago. Then we were chasing after Rainbow Son and his Apaches, and today it is Chief Sebastian and his. But the problem is similar and the lie of land, I do believe, identical. I remember fixing the place in my mind by making a straight line that anchored on that tower of spools there far ahead, and on myself at the centre, and behind me"—he turned in the saddle and pointed—"on that vast mushroom rock behind us. It was very close to here that we lost Sergeant Reimmers and had to retreat that day."

"You had a skirmish here, sir?"

"We had a skirmish," said the general, and, signalling "halt" to the column, reined his horse and fell silent.

The lieutenant gazed at him sidelong. In the little while since he had been assigned to General Quait's command, Matthew had learned to respect his silences, for out of them often came something unexpected, if not astonishing. Matthew, like many younger officers throughout the army, knew something of General Quait's tradition—brigade commander in the army of the Cumberland in '64, military observer in Europe during the Franco-Prussian war, Indian fighter in the '70s. And now, over a decade later, he was again on the western frontier, in command of the Territorial Department, with the mission of providing "a solution for the Indian problem." The present expedition was one phase of that solution.

But nothing had prepared Matthew for the general's personality. General Quait was an old man. In his tall, bony figure there leaped a busy spirit. It shone through his small, black eyes, it agitated his long, white, forked beard about his stream of conversation and it even qualified his uniform. He now wore an Anglo-Indian sun helmet, an undyed linen duster that flowed out behind over his horse's croup, giving an Arabian air, black alpaca trousers stuffed into cavalry boots, and gauntlets with fringed cuffs that almost reached the elbow. The troopers and the lieutenant, wearing the army's regulation campaign hat creased down the centre, blue flannel shirt, dark-blue wool breeches and black boots, regarded him as an all-fired sight.

The general suddenly waved his hand with a flip of leather fringes towards the rocky fantasies in the distance and spoke to Matthew.

"Those are created by what we call erosion, action of the winds carrying small particles that grind against solid stone, and in time make the jagged pinnacles that we see about us. This whole land has layers of hard, then soft, then hard materials and great heaps of loose soil, and the winds come and shift a desert, and expose soft rock and wear it down until hard rock is revealed, and then they look for softer places to change, and drill away and drill."

"Yes, sir," said Matthew. He was becoming used to General Quait's studious cast of mind and had come to regard it as a source of power, even of physical strength, in the old gentleman, who campaigned in the wilderness with the endurance of a youth, while interesting himself with the reflections of a sage. But while Matthew could respect theory, he had a young man's pleasure in action, and he asked: "How about the skirmish, sir?"

The general signalled "Forward, at a walk," and when the column in good order was again under progress, with nodding horses, sandy whispers from the walking hooves, creaking leather, the dim clanking of bit and sabre, canteen and spur chain, the hum of troopers talking idly—all the music of a commander's ear—he said to Matthew:

"I am bitter and confused when I remember it. Sergeant Franz Reimmers was the only soldier I ever lost to the unknown. I will never understand how it could have happened or how I failed to recover him, alive or dead. There was never a better friend among enlisted men. I see again today how it was, in this same wind-freaked wilderness. Let me tell you as we go."

WHILE Matthew listened, he kept his eyes piercing ahead and on all sides like knife blades, to open the secrets of the open day and the open land. There was nothing to see, yet who knew what would betray the presence of Sebastian and the warriors the army was now riding to kill or capture? The distant land, pale yellow, pale rose in the rocky forms, pale sky at the horizon, was broken here and there by idle lifts of dust on the warm wind. Nothing else moved.

And all seemed still that day thirteen years ago as another army detachment waited for Sergeant Reimmers to return from a scouting foray.

General Quait had every confidence in him. The sergeant was a young man of excellent education. He was a German, an ex-student of the University of Bonn, who had left the Germany he loved because it was being turned into a Germany he detested. He came to the United States to live in the freedom that was being destroyed at home by Bismarck and the German imperialist politicians and army officers.

He found employment as a dispatch runner on the docks of New York, where he could meet the German vessels that docked and carry manifests, news and instructions between the ship captains and the agents of the owners in their offices in Water Street. The surge of life borne into New York harbour by the sail-masted steamships from Europe week after week made him wonder. Where did so much cargo and so many people go from New York? He listened to talk of the West. He was poor and he was ambitious. He believed that he would become a complete American. To do so he must see the whole country.

One day he enlisted in the army and went as a recruit to Fort Union, in the Territory of New Mexico. He found a land he loved, the whole Southwest.

By the time he was assigned to the Arizona campaign of the '70s under General Alexander Upton Quait, he was proficient in English

Matthew was acting on orders, whether he liked them or not. Slowly, he walked his horse forward, lowering General Quait into the pit

and became the general's orderly. Of all the soldiers in the command he was the only one—officers included—with whom the general could converse on matters of history, philosophy, natural science and literature. He was also a student of the desert wilderness, and he soon became an expert Indian fighter and was promoted to sergeant.

Sergeant Reimmers was not a big young man, but he was hardy and agile, with a capacity for work that burned in him—his German heritage—like a passion. He was blond, his eyes were blue, his face was round, smooth-shaven and serious, and he had a reluctant, kind smile that served him when other men laughed out loud. Every night he wrote a half-page in a little pocket diary he kept to show his parents one day, whether they ever came to America from Bonn, where his father taught in the university, or, timid in their maturity, stayed home, where as a successful American he would go to visit them before they died.

On that day thirteen years ago this particular passage of country was new to the commander and his troops. They had ridden in the pale wastes for so long without seeing a sign of the enemy that this very circumstance seemed more and more significant and dangerous—for they knew the enemy was there. Burnings, murder, thieveries had proved it a few days before.

There was no other direction in which the Apaches under Rainbow Son could fly but this one; and General Quait did not know whether they had opened a passage for him, and were invisible on his flanks, or whether they had closed behind him and were trailing him with deliberately prolonged pleasure in the feast of blood and shame that they would finally make.

What he was sure of was that as he swept the terrain with his spyglass there was no ordinary evidence that the Indians were ahead of him. Yet that, too, was a simple possibility.

At about noon he gave the order to halt in a faded pink stretch of sand. He said to his subordinate that if they were all entirely visible and exposed in such a position, then any enemy coming towards them must also be. He would take refuge in sheer conspicuousness; for if the enemy responded, he, too, must be equally ostentatious and the battle could be joined in frank array.

But he was not so inexperienced as to imagine that in the blandest country the Apache could not at times find cover, and accordingly he rode forward a few yards with Sergeant Reimmers and asked him to make a scouting foray on a long but shallow arc from south to north, never to lose sight of the halted column and to return instantly if he came upon any sign, any trail, new ashes, recent horse droppings or human offal by which (as desert-craft required) the recent presence and the direction of the enemy might be determined. Meanwhile, the column would be deployed in positions that would guard it from all approaches.

"I shall sight you frequently from here, Sergeant Reimmers," said the general. "Proceed with speed, care and the universal vision of a bird."

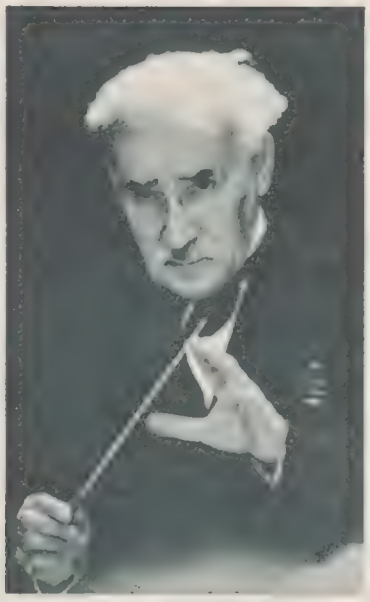
The general cocked his head in a hilarious imitation of a bird and resembled his subject so strikingly that, risking disrespect, the sergeant made his smile that for its rarity and fullness meant what laughter meant in other men. He saluted and rode towards the south till he was a rock, a bush, a clump of grass, in size and pallor, in the distance, only that he moved and those did not. He turned northward to ride his long arc.

The troopers in the column were dismounted

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

TOSCANINI

by Samuel Chotzinoff



Arturo Toscanini

ARTURO TOSCANINI is acknowledged to be the world's greatest conductor. He has become a fiery legend in the world of music, an international figure. Now, his closest friend has written a brilliant, outspoken profile of the unpredictable maestro, beginning next week.

Even the non-musical will be entertained by this warm, exciting story. It reveals for the first time Toscanini's fierce self-criticism, the stormy battles at rehearsal, his impish delight in practical jokes, and the fanatical dedication that has made him one of the most colourful and dynamic men of our time.

VICTOR CANNING

"Midnight On The Lagoon" is a new Canning story of intrigue and violence on the dark waterways of Venice.

BRETON AMIS

"Second Opinion," another of Amis's hilarious stories, tells of the awful problem that faced a village doctor.

and their horses held at picket by recruits. The men, with carbines ready, were ranged in a thin line facing west, but sentries were set out a hundred yards from the main body, facing the cardinal points and ready to fire or call an alarm. General Quait paced in a circle around the troops as a sort of universal sentinel. He would sweep the horizons with a beam of vision like the ray of a lighthouse.

Each time he completed his circle he found Sergeant Reimmers, moving north, half a mile away, and measured his progress by how much nearer he was to crossing in front of the far-distant tower of rock that was eroded into what looked like a column of great spools. When the sergeant would have passed before the tower of spools his mission would be half finished, for the tower stood half-way on the arc of his ride.

The general calculated, at a certain moment, that the next time he saw the tower of spools in his own conning of this vast desert land he should see Sergeant Reimmers riding right across its base.

He came about with his vision, saw the tower, looked for the sergeant and could not find him. He peered again. Some illusion of light, some jump of the eye against the tower's rocky rose colour must have obliterated the sergeant, at this distance, from showing as he rode. Once past the tower he would show again, against the simpler horizon of bleached earth and white sky. The general watched for this materialization to take place. It did not come.

The general took his spyglass.

At first he saw nothing but a pale world rimmed in blue and yellow optical unreality. And then he picked up a horse, the sergeant's mount. The horse was running riderless, tossing its head, turning in random lunges, as if in pain or terror. Sergeant Reimmers was nowhere visible.

The land on which he should show was a long flat line with hardly any growth and only the crazy horse to give it scale. It was a strange picture to see in the glass. It broke from sight into sound for the general when on both his right and his left the outposts gave yells and fired their carbines.

General Quait lowered his glass and, swiftly looking to right and left, saw the unbelievable, which was that from two directions, from the south and from the north, Indian warriors in great numbers were riding down upon his deployed detachment. They had appeared from absolutely nowhere, as he said. If they had come right straight up out of the ground they could not have been more startling. What concealment they had used it was impossible to explain. They ran at the full gallop and their cries came clearly.

THE general shouted orders. The sentries ran to the main body. The troops were redeployed, with the picketed horses in the centre and two lines of riflemen facing out north and south to meet the impact that was coming. It was coming heavy on the ground and they felt the hooves tremble into their own bones through the earth.

They saw the naked bodies riding air just above their horses' backs, and speed became the same thing as dust and noise as light and explosions began on both sides, and a few iron-tipped arrows went with the sound of a gut guitar string and a horse gave out a scream and the first pass went by. The general could estimate their numbers now and saw that they exceeded his own force by four to one.

The Indians rode out to reorganize and sweep back again from opposite directions. The general found an instant to scan the distance again for Sergeant Reimmers, and saw again only his horse, that now came in, a runaway, to the troop position with an arrow shaft sticking out of its left side. When he saw that, the general saw that Sergeant Reimmers had met the Indians in their invisibility and somehow had not been able to escape when his horse had escaped.

The general had a cold thrust of painful thought and knew what he must do. He must mount his men, get them in motion and, with a platoon of men and horses to animate and save, he must abandon to his fate, whatever it might be, Sergeant Reimmers, lost in distance.

The general knew he had only one advantage over the enemy in this moment: Apache horses suffered the same steady abuse as Apache dogs, women and old people. The army's mounts would show superiority any day.

GENERAL QUAIT braced the unit to meet the next attack. His thin, penetrating voice went dryly over the men.

"Riding at full gallop," he said, "they won't be very accurate in their aim. On the ground, we will be. After they pass this time, stand ready for a command to mount."

The assault came, a soldier was wounded, a handful of Indians felt the carbines and one fell to the ground. As the waves passed by one another from opposite directions the general called out, the deployed lines broke for the picketed horses, and, with the Indians wide out on the desert and now at a lengthening diagonal from the troops, the army moved eastwards at an extended gallop. Heading for that thick mushroom of eroded stone that loomed at the entrance to the vast, rock-rimmed desert, the cavalry ran for refuge across the country over which they had just come. It was a retreat, but it was not a rout.

"In direct combat," remarked General Quait at the time, "we could have handled them. What we do not know as well as they is how to use the desert."

By nightfall the army was among rocks and made camp in a natural fortress, waiting for an attack to come at dawn. It came. The Apaches were driven off. At mid-morning the Indian survivors, including Rainbow Son, their leader, ran away under the protection of a rear-guard action.

General Quait hurried to retrace his course of the day before. He tried to bear upon the very spot where he had lost Sergeant Reimmers, but he must have missed it widely, for he found nothing—no trace of a struggle, no body, no break in the open land. Pressing on, he abandoned the sergeant for a second time, and tried to discover Rainbow Son.

After days of unrewarded search, he returned to his headquarters.

"And there was never anything more about Sergeant Reimmers?" Matthew Hazard asked as General Quait finished his story.

"Nothing. We took the sergeant's saddle and pack from his horse, and later I found a few personal effects to send his father and mother in Bonn. Among them was his diary." The general smiled with a scholar's pleasure. "It was written in English, with an occasional Germanism in construction. There were also a few loose leaves with notes made during the day, to be elaborated later when he wrote in his diary by the camp fire. He always carried a pencil and some folded sheets of paper. I used to see him scribbling observations even on horseback, at the walk or halt. A lively, a most lively, student of his environment."

"Did you ever hear from his people, sir?"

"Yes, I did. Professor Reimmers wrote to me, just one letter. I still have it. In it, he said that his son had written home many times about the United States, and always used the expression, 'we Americans,' and spoke again and again of how the whole country was the creation of all the people, voluntarily, and how a man was willing to do his duty because it was not required of him by force."

Matthew felt a little chill. What if, one day, his beautiful young wife and his baby son should have to be told by his commander that he was

Continued on page 29

Left to right: Dave Carey, Cliff Adams, Eula Parker, Fred Dachtler, Bob Brown. The "saloon bar" style made their name

Stars at the tops of their voices

by KEITH ELLIS

In "pop" music, nobody sings so much so loudly as the team Cliff Adams shrewdly directs. The Stargazers are bright, brash and big business

At 8 a.m. on her second Monday with the Stargazers, Australian singer Eula Parker phoned the leader, Cliff Adams. "I've lost my voice," she croaked. "I can't sing with the Show Band tonight." A shrewd cockney with the smooth tongue of a salesman, Adams suggested that she should miss the early rehearsals. Then he arranged for her to have throat massage and hired a substitute for the evening broadcast.

When she reported for the final rehearsal at 4 p.m., Eula's voice was still weak. Adams told her to rest while the substitute practised her songs. Just before nine, when the Stargazers were due to go on the air, he said: "It will make a bad impression if we have a substitute. Won't you do it yourself?" With support from the rest of the team, Eula took her usual place. "I just hired the substitute to give her confidence," says Adams. "I never intended that we should change our plans. In the Stargazers, we all have hoarse voices when we wake up."

The weekly programme which, combined with a slight cold, had affected Eula's voice consisted of three-hours' rehearsal a day, three Show Band Shows, two Radio Luxembourg programmes and a recording session. "In sixteen years of show business, I've never sung so much—or so loudly," she says.

Although the Stargazers are Britain's busiest vocal group, Adams has built up their reputation by the unusual method of refusing work. Four years ago, when they had not yet become established, they were signed up for twelve programmes on B.B.C. television. Anyone else would have been delighted with the opportunity, but after only three appearances the Stargazers asked if they could withdraw. "We had

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to dress up in cowboy uniforms," says Adams. "Viewers didn't even know that we *were* the Stargazers."

In two and a half years after leaving the series, they appeared on television only twice. Each time, they had a clearly recognizable spot of their own. "Adams knows the value of being unavailable," says Brian Sears, the B.B.C. television producer. "He turns down twenty-nine television offers out of thirty."

Adams's policy has worked well with gramophone records. "We refuse to make more than four records a year," he says. "We don't want to soak the market. For two years, our records have never sold less than 50,000 copies each. 'Close The Door' sold 150,000 and 'Twenty Tiny Fingers' 200,000."

Besides their sound broadcasts with the Show Band, the Stargazers have recently finished a television Show Band series. They also manage to pack in an average of thirty Sunday concerts a year, several weeks of variety at highly remunerative London houses, advertising jingles for independent television, and appearances in West End cabarets and a few *Workers' Playtimes*.

Although they have missed only one broadcast—when a plane chartered to take them to Birmingham was grounded by fog at Croydon—their tight schedules have often meant discomfort. One Sunday, when they had arranged to do two Sunday concerts in the Isle of Wight followed by a Show Band call at noon on the Monday, they booked a private launch to pick them up at Ryde Pier, half an hour after the last public ferry left. Unfortunately, they arrived an hour late and found that the private launch had gone back to the mainland.

"Around 12.30 a.m., we tried to find somewhere to stay," says Adams. "But all the hotels were either full or locked up. In the end, we carried our bags half a mile to the end of the pier and tried to get some sleep on wooden benches; the first ferry was at five in the morning."

They have rehearsed in taxis, boats and railway compartments. On trains, they have a stock method of making sure that they are not disturbed. "When we get near a station," says Dave Carey, "Bob Brown starts to practise his trumpet."

At their daily three-hour sessions, each contributes ideas which are accepted or rejected by a majority vote. "Once, we worked out six complete arrangements of a song and then scrapped the lot," says Bob Brown, one of the team. Their fanaticism has often amused bystanders. Doris Donnellan, a B.B.C. secretary, says: "I once heard them arguing for hours as to whether they should put in a 'boop-de-boop' or a 'beep-de-beep.'"

The Stargazers vary widely both in looks and personality. Eula Parker is an extrovert blonde; Bob Brown, the deputy leader, is fair, broad-shouldered and stolid. Fred Dachtler is short, quiet and modest with sandy hair and rimless spectacles. Dave Carey is tall, dark and boisterously masculine.

In spite of their arguments, the Stargazers have a strong team spirit. On their way to a Sunday concert at Blackpool, they had to change trains at Crewe. When they were in the Blackpool train, they discovered that their music had gone on to Edinburgh in the luggage van of the train that they had just left. "They didn't argue about whose fault it was," recalls Bernie Fenton, their accompanist. "They collected all the manuscript paper they had and started writing out the band parts."

Other vocal groups envy the Stargazers' distinctive style. "Cliff Adams knew what sort of noise he wanted to make and he knew how to get it," says Fenton. Brian Sears describes it as the "saloon-bar" technique. "They bash away at the tops of their voices and give everyone the impression that they're enjoying themselves."

Although they sing every type of popular song, the Stargazers' forte is comedy—humorous cowboy songs, "gimmick" numbers like "Close The Door" and the guying of straight ballads in a satirically heavy style which has frequently been described as "cod Salvation Army."

They used this style for "I See The Moon." In America, the song had never been very popular. "When Dick Rowe, one of Decca's recording managers, said that we should sing it," recalls Adams, "we thought that he was mad. Then we decided to take the mickey out of it. Our version sold half a million copies—our best ever."

Not everyone likes the Stargazers. After this year's Royal Command performance, at which they sang a specially augmented version of "Twenty Tiny Fingers," a critic wrote: "The Stargazers did something that brought a prickle to the back of the neck. They 'pointed' a song about twenty baby fingers directly at the Royal Family. And they went so far as to sing 'In a cottage small or a palace tall two kids can make a wreck.' Surely this is sentimentality at its worst."

Adams formed the Stargazers when he was an arranger with Campbell Connelly, the song publishers. "I thought that I could form a better group than any then existing," he says.

After trying more than twenty different voices, he selected Fred Dachtler, a saxophonist in a night-club band; Bob Brown, who was then a trumpeter with Ambrose; Ronnie Milne and an Australian girl called Marie Benson. Later, Dave Carey, a former night club singer, replaced Ronnie Milne, and Eula Parker took Marie Benson's place.

After practising from noon to three almost every day for six months and often at extra sessions in the evenings, they got a fifteen-minute programme on B.B.C. sound. "We had to have a name for our billing in the *Radio Times*," says Adams. "Someone—I don't know who—suggested Stargazers. We weren't happy about it at the time."

After several more broadcasts, the B.B.C. gave them feature spots in the series *Family Hour* and *The Derek Roy Show*. Later, they appeared regularly in *Top Score*, *The Goon Show* and the original *Forces Show*. In 1953, they were asked to join Cyril Stapleton and the Show Band. They have appeared three times a week ever since.

At the end of 1951, the Stargazers began to get offers of Sunday concerts. "We did two," says Adams, "and decided that we weren't up to standard. We felt that we had to put as much technique into our stagework as we had into our singing." The group hired an American producer named Ed Knoll to teach them.

Like the three other men, Adams is married. He lives in Kensington with his wife Maureen and has two daughters, Verity aged five, and Shauna, aged two and a half. He draws exactly the same money as the rest of the Stargazers—something more than £100 a week.

When they first started, the Stargazers were accused of singing to please themselves. "They were appealing to a minority audience—the teen-agers," says Jim Davidson, assistant head of B.B.C. Variety. One day, Eddie Stanring, a director of Campbell Connelly, invited them to sing at a small concert in his home town of Harpenden, Herts. Glancing down their programme, loaded with jazz numbers, he said: "Why not include 'Bless This House'?"

They laughed. "It's too corny," they said. But when Stanring insisted, they gave in—just to humour him. What happened at the concert surprised them. "'Bless This House' was a winner," says Bob Brown. "We've kept it ever since." Gradually, they made their repertoire more commercial. "Adams," says Sears, "is an even better business man than a vocalist." THE END

CHILDREN—I

There are no perfect children in the world—except grandchildren.

English proverb

"It's the Hendersons. They won't be coming."

Duty

Continued from page 26

lost to them for ever? He put down his emotion by staring ahead at distant little whirlwinds that took the loose face of the desert into the air, spinning a while, and fading into nothing against the sky. He gestured at these. The general nodded.

"The dry winds at their work. Imagine the millions of years needed for them to change the earth as it was changed here." He glanced ruefully at Matthew. The lieutenant was a good officer, a good companion, but he did not have a darting mind, and the general was obliged to follow his own speculations for himself. He followed a new train of thought that closed one door and opened another. "Our tasks, like the wind's, are never finished. A soldier's work, to be done, sometimes has to be done over and over. Then, we sought Rainbow Son. Now, we seek Sebastian."

"Yes, sir." Matthew rose a little in his saddle and pointed. "There's a beauty, sir."

A particularly high, thin and powerful column of whirling pale sand was moving in the distance straight ahead of them, dancing mightily as its tip touched and leaped and touched on the earth. Suddenly, as it touched, it violently changed to a yellow colour.

"How incredible!" cried General Quait. "I have never seen that happen before. We must see what caused it. It lies right in our path." His eyes burned with scientific interest. "It was precisely like changing the colour of smoke from a fire by adding certain minerals. When will one ever know enough about the desert? Lieutenant, signal 'trot!' "

Matthew gave the hand signal, the column broke into a trot, and Matthew smiled at the privileges of rank that permitted a general to hasten forward with forty mounted men who would probably remain cool in the presence of one man's interest in natural science.

"Lieutenant," called the general, "take over the look-out. It was very close to here where they came on me the other time. I will watch for the yellow earth."

They trotted for perhaps ten minutes. If Sebastian and his marauders were in the land, there was no sign of them. But by now Matthew was schooled to take particular care in the most innocent of situations.

"Ah, yes!" abruptly cried General Quait. He saw something. He said, "Signal 'walk!' "

The column came down to a walk.

"Signal 'halt!' "

They halted.

"How perfectly, and superbly, extraordinary," said the general softly, gazing at what he saw.

It was the mouth of an open pit in the earth, roughly triangular, and about three yards wide; its edges were worn by weather, and dusted with yellow earth. Otherwise, the ground was of ordinary sand. "You see, Lieutenant, here is a weak place in the earth's crust. The wind has drilled this pit and touched soft yellow—ochreous—soil. We saw it taken high in the air by the dancing updraft. How beautiful! I must see more."

He dismounted, handed his reins to Matthew, and walked to the edge of the pit. He peered into its dark depths, murmuring with real delight, and ended by slapping his leg and saying to Matthew, "You do see, don't you? This is a wind creation, an inverted tower, so to speak, created by just what made the stone structures that we see yonder. How classically beautiful!"

He stood up and threw off his linen duster.

"I must descend," he cried.

No, oh, good grief, no, said Matthew to himself. The old gentleman was all but dancing with pleasure. His Anglo-Indian sun helmet, his white beard, his long-boned gestures seemed to Matthew like irritating, absurd extensions of his unpredictable personality. But aloud, he only replied, "Very well, sir. Give us instructions."

"A rope about my upper middle," said the general. "The other end tied through your saddle horn, and, at my signal, you will walk your horse slowly forward until I am on the bottom, or have, quite literally," he laughed drily, "reached the end of my rope. I shall take a lantern to see by down there. When I tug on the rope once, pull me up by backing your animal. If I tug twice, do you arrange, in this same way, to join me. Is this

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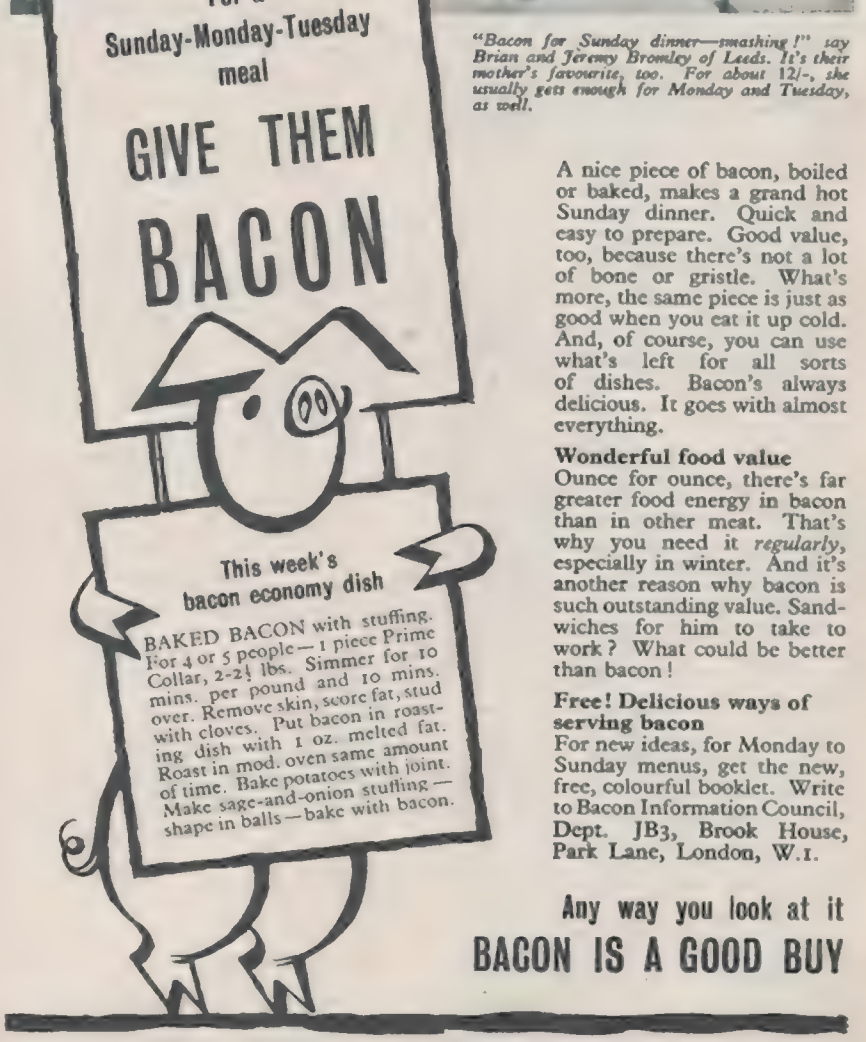
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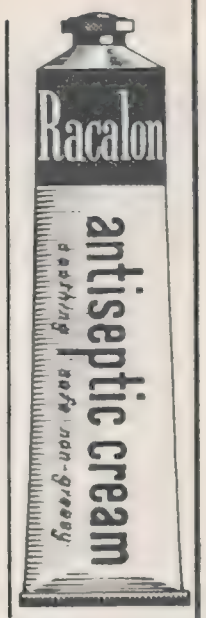

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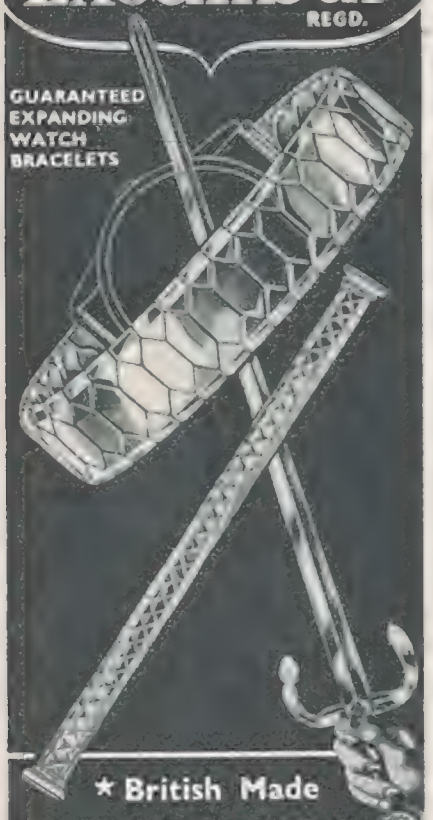

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clear? And see that the lookout is sharply maintained in all directions while we are halted."

To the great interest of the troopers, the exercise was carried out just as the general had ordered. As he went over the edge he peered at them all, and something in his face made them laugh with admiration at his juvenile zest for investigation. Matthew slowly rode forward. His rope was sixty feet long. When about sixteen feet had gone over the edge the rope slackened suddenly. General Alexander Upton Quait had reached bottom.

A little haze of yellow dust drifted up from the pit. There was a long pause while the men on top tried to read in one another's faces what transpired below. There then came two violent tugs at the rope. Matthew, with a sigh, dismounted and prepared to join his commander down in the ground. He turned the command over to the first sergeant with strict instructions, and in his turn was lowered into the blinding gloom of the pit.

For moments he could not see, even though a thin line of midday light from the autumnal heavens touched the earth wall to his right. He could hardly breathe, for the air of the pit was dense with disturbed dust. He could hear the general's voice close to him.

"Lieutenant, Lieutenant, what a tremendous moment! Move gently or you will free more dust. But look, son, look!"

The general's voice trembled with exaltation and awe. He put his hand on Matthew's shoulder and held high his camphine lantern. Now Matthew could see through the vaulted twilight.

On a sharp incline a slope of earth reached out from the wall of the pit towards the centre of the soft, dusty floor. Leaning on it was the figure of a man, face downwards with his head resting on his raised left forearm. His right arm was curved under his belly. In the dim light he was dusted thickly with the golden earth of his open grave. His cheeks were gaunt and parched and they showed skin, not bone. So, too, with his hands. His hair was long over his collar and a silky beard grew along his jawbones. He was clothed in garments that were bulky on his shrunken figure and smoothed by dust into soft contours of sculpture. He was a mummy, preserved by the dryness of the desert air and the driftings of the yellow earth about him.

THE general and the lieutenant in the sifting silence listened to their hearts beating and heard eternity. Gradually they came to detect in the air a dry herbal scent that was laden with sweetness. It was this that unlocked the jaws of the living. General Quait spoke first.

"One thinks of balsam," he said, and his voice was hushed by the cushion of the golden dust, "the balm that the shades leave behind them as they journey far." He raised his hand towards the still figure. "The chevrons will show under the dust. There will be crossed sabres on his collar, his belt buckle. His shirt is dark blue and his trousers light. Somewhere under the soft floor may lie his carbine. Sergeant Franz Reimmers, leaning here for thirteen years."

Matthew stared at the general. "Is this he?" he asked with a quiver.

"I know him. At last I am answered."

They fell silent again, until Matthew said: "How do you suppose——?"

"Yes, you see," interrupted the general, "he was attacked, for his horse showed it. He was dismounted and ran for safety and fell into this. There was no way out. We searched for him, but this could only be found by accident. What is that in his hand?" he asked, peering sharply. Matthew leaned forward while the general held close the lantern. Showing under his left side was the right hand of Sergeant Reimmers, holding three things. One was a small crucifix, one was a big silver watch that he clutched by its chain and the third was a scrap of paper.

"Let me have them," said the general.

With strange feelings, Matthew took

Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? A barrister gives the answer on page 32

DRAWN BY RONALD LAMPITT

the watch and the cross from the withered, warm fingers and handed them to the general.

"Yes, he dwelled on time, measurable time"—the watch—"and eternity"—the cross. "Yes, the ultimate subjects for a philosopher. And the paper?"

Matthew blew the dust from the paper and saw lines written on it. He began to scan it in the lantern light.

"Read it to me," said the general.

Matthew read aloud.

"For General Quait, or whom otherwise it may concern: In the last possibility that this may be found in time to be of service, if ever, I wish to report that west of this pit into which I fell while after my wounded horse running there is another break in the earth. It can no more be seen than this ground opening until immediately you are upon it.

"It is a long trough of ochreous earth reaching from north to south, about twenty feet wide and eight to seventeen feet deep. If from the west approached it might from a little distance be seen. If from the east, as we approached, it is invisible, for the near lip is higher than the far one, and in a full overhead light no difference between them shows. I came upon it in astonishment, dismounted and crawled near.

"There were the Indians, hidden from view, yet mounted and ready to go forth. Riding to right and left to the ends of the trough they could suddenly appear on the desert with terrible surprise.

"I started back to report. They saw me and gave their attack order and rode out two ways. One remained to deal with me. He fired at me. I ran. He saw me fall, but not from his bullet. In here I fell. I pray they brought us no harm. I feel shame for failure of my duty to return with warning. May God keep me if I am to remain here to die. *Für mein——*"

Matthew paused in difficulty with the writing that changed into German. The general took the sheet and finished.

"*Für mein Vater und Mutter, Liebe und Trost*—for my father and mother, love and consolation. *Für Amerika, Glaube und Dank*—for America, faith and thanks," read General Quait. The paper was not signed. The hand in which it was found was its endorsement.

The general frowned at the paper for a moment as though to force from it a living vision of the man who had written it.

Then he whirled to the lieutenant and struck him sharply on the arm, and for one of very few times addressed him by his first name.

"Matthew!" he cried, and the dust came up about them and the air throbbed with his excited voice, and the agitated lantern shifted the shadows of the figure leaning on its arm until it, too, seemed to move, "we must go up. Do you follow me instantly!"

The general tugged at his rope once, mightily, the signal to be hoisted away. "The minute I am clear you will follow," he said. "I will order the platoon mounted immediately and formed into line. I will take command. I will order the charge."

His rope went taut and General Quait began slowly to rise, gently turning in mid-air. If, under the circumstances, the spectacle had not been ghostly, it would have been comic. "We must risk being fools," he said in wry excitement, as he turned and rose, "if there is one chance to be heroes." He reached the opening and with an angular scramble was gone.

Matthew, bearing the lantern, was taken aloft immediately afterwards.

IN the next few moments, the action was rapid and as silent as possible. Only hand signals were given. The platoon came into line. With the general and Matthew in front, the line, on silent command, broke into the charge with a great ragged leap and galloped directly to the west where the land seemed to be, but was not, as they now knew, unbroken.

General Quait had resumed his duster. It flew behind him like a *burnous*. He rode, all skin and bone and linen, lightly as a child, with a kind of animal trust in his horse that was felt and returned. In the charge, the numbers were small, the distance to cover was not great—perhaps a quarter of a mile—and the objective not really certain. But the troopers rode with their commander's exulting spirit. It brought them in a short while to the first glimpse of a long break north and south in the ground. An almost perpendicular bank lay under their thundering hooves.

General Quait signalled, "Follow me!" and plunged almost straight down for seventeen feet and rode to the opposite wall, reared his horse, turned and halted to lay his revolver

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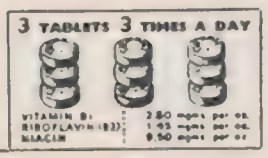


in the line of address upon Chief Sebastian of the Chiricahua Apaches, who stood with fifty of his men now surrounded by the high-breathing platoon of United States Cavalry with carbines at the aim.

"Yes," said the general at large, "how perfectly just that you should be here, where I was told that I should find you."

The Apache leader, a tall, heavy man with a foul blanket belted about him, said nothing. He opened his mouth a trifle and over his hanging lip let run a gleam of saliva. It was like an opinion full of contempt and private regret.

General Quait spoke to him next in Spanish, saying: "You are all prisoners. You will march with us to the east to be tried for your crimes. Do you understand?"

The Indian replied in Spanish, "Yes."

"Very well. Order your men to give up their arms."

The Indian gave the order in the Apache tongue, and the general called out to Matthew Hazard: "Lieutenant, order the arms collected and then join me."

While the troopers went among the Indians, taking up their firearms and bows, and Matthew rode up next to him, the general gave himself a moment of professional interest. To Sebastian he said: "I suppose you observed us?"

"Yes."

"Why did you not attack? Because you knew our numbers were too great for you?"

"Yes."

"Then if you did not attack, your only chance was to lie hidden here thinking we would pass by all unknowing."

"Yes."

"Then you could have fallen on us from the rear."

Sebastian remained silent. The general smiled. This was confirmation enough. He then asked: "Why did you not open fire as we rode here?"

Sebastian looked long at him, deciding whether to answer. The general did not threaten him in any ordinary way. He leaned down a little in his saddle and pierced the chief's resistance in a terrible glaring smile that was like a fatal blow from an infinite superiority of power—the power of his mind. Matthew, beside him, felt that power. After a second more, Sebastian replied:

"We still did not think you knew we were here. We did not dare to let you know. And then it was too late."

General Quait exhaled in satisfaction. "Thank you. That is all," he said.

The Indian made an inquiring gesture.

"Yes?" said the general. "You wish to ask me something?"

"How did you know?" said Sebastian, and with a swing of his head indicated the long hiding place and the presence of the Indians there.

"I will tell you," said the general. "I went deep in the earth and met the spirit of all that is good in mankind. He told me."

For the first time the Indian put down his head. He was really defeated, and now knew it.

The general turned to Matthew, twinkling with interest.

"Yes, you see, this long gash, of the same yellow colour, was made by the wind's play. The same weakness in the earth's crust exposed this, in a different form. Very well, lieutenant, organize the march. The prisoners will walk."

A little later the long column moved out towards the east and the home station of the platoon. As they neared the pit, General Quait directed Matthew to have a small detachment fall out for a special detail.

"Sergeant Reimmers has stood for thirteen years as if at a post of duty," he said. "It is time we relieved him and gave him rest."

The special detail raised the occupant of the pit into the afternoon daylight and buried him in grey blankets. His mound was narrow and low, for the years, the drying air and heat had long since taken his substance mostly away. Over it they laid the flag of the United States, staked down at the corners, so that it might remain for a little while against wind and creatures. Then, having done all they could to make, however temporary, a place of honour and ease for the soldier who had served them that day, they rode away to overtake the column moving eastward in the desert.

They camped that night in the open. Extra guards were posted over the prisoners. Low fires were kept up at the edges of the camp. Some of the troopers, too tired to be wise, threw themselves down in their clothes to sleep in the mild evening without taking their blankets from their packs. If the desert night could grow bitter cold they forgot it.

Late, in the darkness, with only the low light of the watchfires showing, General Quait lay thinking, though he seemed to be asleep. He found much to speculate about in the day's events. Bonn. What must he write to Bonn? How many days did it take to die in a dusty open grave? For how long every day did sunlight shaft into the pit? Was it the ever-increasing cover of dust that had preserved the pencil-written lines against fading on the clutched paper? Would there ever be a stranger document to add to the archives of the War Department?

Presently the general was distracted from his thoughts. He saw that someone was moving quietly through the camp among the sleeping troopers, bending over them one by one.

The general was about to investigate, and then he recognized what was happening. Someone was quietly looking to see if all the sleeping soldiers were covered by blankets. For those who were not, he opened their packs, unrolled their blankets and covered them against the sharply fallen temperature of the night.

Something of his stature against the starry sky, the spring of his character in the lines of his body, told the general who it was. It was Lieutenant Hazard, not yet gone to his own rest after the hard day.

Yes, duty, said the general to himself with a pang of pride for the young officer, *there is this about it: it never ends.*

THE END

CHILDREN—2

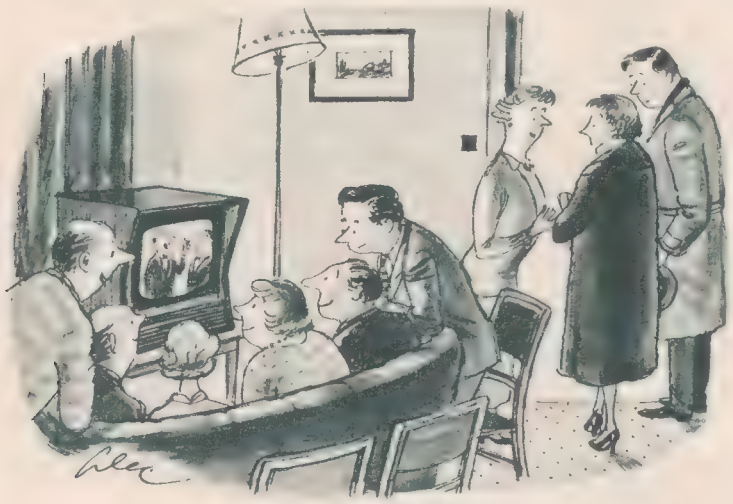
Give to a pig when it grunts and to a child when it cries and you will have a fine pig and a bad child.

H. R. Thompson

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 30

A RECENT Act of Parliament, the Pet Animals Act of 1951, makes it an offence to sell an animal as a pet to a child under twelve. And the penalty is severe, says a barrister-at-law. The shopkeeper selling a kitten to the little girl could be fined a maximum of £25 or sent to prison for three months or both. The Act applies to *anyone* who sells animals, not only pet shop owners.



"I do hope we're not breaking up the party"

Women Always Know

Continued from page 21

dancing with him tonight," said Phoebe.

"Oh, good show," said Percy a trifle hollowly. "Wonderful. Then you must lunch with me, Mr. Moore."

"Glad to. By the way, I wanted to have a word with you about some coco fibre and groundnuts we've got ready to ship."

"I'm not going to let you talk business on your leave."

"If I can clear this one thing up, I can enjoy myself."

"Ah well, if you insist," said Percy, settling to his desk and making the business. Afterwards he said: "Now we can go and have a damn good lunch with a clear conscience, eh, Derek?" And, when the other went to wash his hands, Percy told Phoebe coldly: "If you want a new dance dress, you can send the bill in to the firm. Keep it reasonable, mind."

"Thank you, Mr. Weaver," she said with a smile.

"Don't suppose we shall have to buy you orchids," added Percy savagely. "If that far-flung lout has remembered any civilized manners at all, he'll send you those. . . . Ah, there you are, Derek. Are we all set? Nice and hungry? And thirsty too, I hope, eh, old man?"

Derek did send her orchids. Phoebe Williams pinned them to the new gown which Smith and Wethers, Ltd. had obligingly bought her, and went to meet him in the lounge of his hotel.

It was a large, luxurious lounge full of well-dressed and expensive people. As this very handsome young man hastened forward to greet her, his sunburned skin set off by his gleaming white shirt, Phoebe thought to herself that a business career could be a very agreeable thing for a girl.

He took her to the American bar and insisted on champagne cocktails. At her little protest he asked: "Don't you like them?"

"Of course I like them. But how extravagant!"

"Extravagant be blowed," said Derek. "For three years I've dreamed of sipping champagne cocktails with a beautiful woman in a civilized city. Though in my wildest dreams," he added intensely, "the woman was never as beautiful as you."

Phoebe said quickly: "Did you dream of a cigarette, too?"

He hastily fumbled for his case and lit her one.

The table he had booked for dinner was in a quiet corner of the great restaurant, with a tiny shaded lamp and a small bowl of deep red roses and the wine on ice.

"Hope you don't mind," he said, "but I've already ordered the meal. I've been planning it for three years."

Phoebe did not mind at all. The meal was wonderful.

He did not seem to want to talk much, but was content to sit and gaze at her. So Phoebe, determined not to let her employers down, did her best to sparkle conversationally at him. Every now and then he gave a gentle sigh of happiness.

"What do you want of life?" he suddenly asked her.

"Me? Oh, good gracious, what does any girl want? I have an interesting job, lots of friends, nice holidays. I could do with a few more clothes."

"Marriage?"

"One day, maybe."

"Anybody particular in view?"

Phoebe hesitated. "Not specially," said Phoebe. "Not yet."

When they had dined, they took a taxi to the Parakeet, where the band throbbed Cuban music in semi-darkness, and the cover charge was almost impertinent, and the richest men and loveliest women of London shuffled together on the small polished floor.

He had a table, of course, with more red roses on it. How they kept them so fresh in that fug Phoebe didn't know; fridge, probably, she supposed. The brandy was good, too.

FEELING that the moment was right for a little business propaganda, Phoebe asked him to tell her about the life he led in Africa.

"Africa," he said, "makes me want to spit. The climate is disgusting, the whites are morons, the Negroes are deceitful and the Syrians are slugs.

"The work I do is monotonous, and even if it weren't, the damp heat would make it seem so. You can't drink the water, the beer's thin, and you get sick of the food in three months.

"Luckily, every three months a bout of malaria puts you off food, anyway. Do you know that at lunch today with that nice chap Percy, I ate my first potato for three years?"

"Goodness, I haven't had one for five," said Phoebe, "on account of my figure."

"Your figure," he said dreamily, pouring out a little more brandy, "is divine."

Bringing the conversation hastily back to Africa, Phoebe spoke of the delights of a life with unlimited servants at a clap of the hand, the gay nights at the club under a tropical moon.

The servants, he replied, would steal your shirt off your back unless you kept it tightly buttoned, and the gay nights at the club consisted in drinking whisky and playing bridge with a set of narrow-minded colonial gossips.

"Compare it," he urged her, "with the wonderful evening we are having now. Africa? Bah! What wouldn't I give to come back to London."

"London life isn't all like this," she reminded him.

"Of course it isn't. I know that. I wouldn't want it to be all like this. If I had a steady job in the City, and a little house somewhere in a suburb, and a charming wife to go home to

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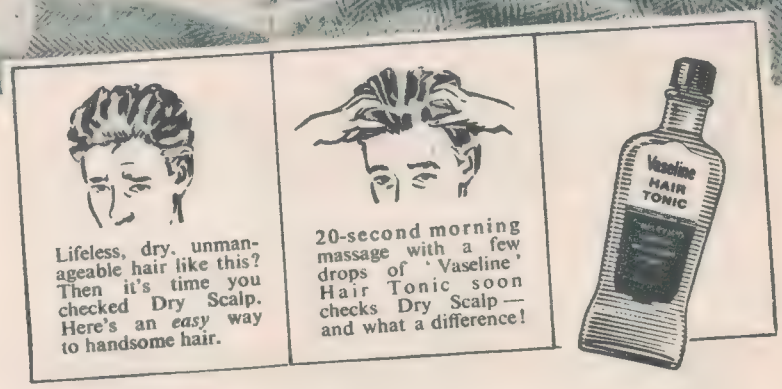

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every night, and a garden in which to grow roses, and golf at weekends, and perhaps later on a couple of nice kids. . . . What heaven! Oh, come on," he said, "let's dance."

He danced, she discovered, clumsily, but clumsily in a manly sort of way. His chest, which her nose just about came up to, was like a white cliff. He gazed down at her with eyes that were extremely blue against the brown of his skin.

"I must admit," she confessed, "that I think you're a bit wasted in Africa."

He took her home, to her lodgings in a business girls' hostel, in a taxi at four o'clock in the morning. On the doorstep she reached up and kissed him.

"Does that complete your London evening?" she murmured.

"Very nearly," he said.

When she arrived late at the office in the morning, and Percy Weaver raised his eyebrows, Phoebe pointed out primly: "I was working until four a.m."

"Oh, of course," he hastily agreed. "How's it going?"

"Not badly."

"Did he mention business at all?"

"Give me a chance," she protested.

"When are you seeing him again?"

"This evening."

"Oh, this evening, eh?" said Percy, sourly. "Well, keep me in touch with developments."

"With some of them," Phoebe agreed. . . .

Every morning she gave him a progress report. On Wednesday evening Mr. Moore had taken her to the theatre — a marvellous show, said

CHILDREN—3

Before I got married I had six theories about bringing up children; now I have six children, and no theories.

Lord Rochester

Phoebe: had Mr. Weaver seen it? Percy muttered that he had not.

On Thursday it was to the première of a film, and supper afterwards. Monday morning she reported that the weekend had been particularly active. Since the weather was so warm, Mr. Moore had hired a car on Saturday evening to drive out to dine at a Thames-side hotel. Sunday they had spent quietly at the Zoo.

Percy received these reports with a gloom that increasingly disturbed him. By Wednesday of the following week he inquired: "Wasn't this character going down to Hampshire to get some fishing and see his auntie?"

"He hasn't mentioned it again," said Phoebe. "He doesn't seem to have any particular wish to see his auntie at this time."

During the third week, as the tale went on, Percy began to worry about Phoebe's health. "All these late nights," he warned her, "and then working all day must be putting a strain on you. You ought to ease up a bit."

"Oh, I feel fine," replied Phoebe, "I don't mind the least little bit."

And certainly, Percy had to admit to himself, she showed no signs of strain. On the contrary, she seemed to blossom. Her eyes were sparkling and her skin looked lovelier than ever. Percy realized, to his surprise, that he had never before noticed what lovely skin she had.

"All the same," he urged, "you can't burn the candle at both ends indefinitely."

"Very well," she promised, "I'll take it a bit easier at the office."

Percy grunted.

Every so often Derek Moore looked in at the office, and Percy took him out to lunch. Percy noted with irritation that Derek did not seem to be wilting either. His suntan had faded a little, but his manner was more boisterous than ever, and he exuded contentment with life. He appeared, Percy muttered to himself, to be so self-satisfied as to be positively smug.

At one lunch Percy diffidently brought the conversation round to business. Derek was most affable.

"Sure, sure," he said. "There must be a big consignment of palm oil just about ready to ship. Send 'em a cable in my name, old chap, saying you're to handle."

"Thanks, Derek old boy," replied Percy. But for some reason he felt no gratitude at all.

A little later Phoebe raised the subject of another dance dress. "I've used up all mine, and the one the firm bought me is getting a bit worn out. Could I get a couple more?"

"Get anything you damn well like," shouted Percy.

"Well, there's no need to be cross about it," said Phoebe indignantly. "I'm only doing the best I can for the firm."

Percy muttered an apology and went in to see Wethers.

"Certainly let her buy a couple of dresses," Wethers agreed. "Miss Williams is doing a very fine job for us. And, in any case, Percy, we have good news this morning. Two of the cancelled shipments are on again. And that Dutchman we've been after so long, the one up the Gambia River, has nibbled at last. I've been on the phone to Sarnoff, and he is already starting to talk a little more reason."

"Then we may get by without Moore and his blasted Takapa after all?"

"I really begin to think that we may," beamed Wethers. "But, of course, Tapaka exclusive would clinch it. If we can get that, on top of this other stuff, you can stop looking for another job. If Miss Williams pulls that off, you'll owe her a lot."

Outside, Percy said to Phoebe: "Okay, you can have your dresses. But look here, we ought to start pinning this chap Moore down a bit. Is he going to give us his business or isn't he?"

"I'll ask him tonight," promised Phoebe.

Next morning she arrived at the office even later, looking even more blooming.

"Well," demanded Percy, "did you ask him?"

"Yes," said Phoebe.

"And what did he say?" asked Wethers, who had come out from his own office.

"It was a funny sort of reply really, Mr. Wethers," said Phoebe. "He said that of course we could have his business exclusive, if he went back to Africa."

"Isn't he going back to Africa?"

"He doesn't want to, Mr. Wethers. He told me right from the start he was fed up with Africa, and what he really wants is to get a job in London, and settle down with a wife and children in a suburban villa, and grow roses. Of course, if he does that he won't have any business to offer us."

"Of course not," agreed Wethers.

"Well, it seems this ambition to settle down in London has been growing in him, and now it has got to the stage of his wondering which particular girl he would like to marry and settle down with."

"You?" asked Wethers.

"He hinted," Phoebe admitted.

"That's a fine stroke of business you've done for the firm," said Percy sarcastically.

Wethers silenced him and asked Phoebe, "What did he hint, my dear?"

"He asked me rather pointedly what I intended to do with the rest of my life. I said that I had always wanted to go to Africa, where the weather's so nice, and there's no servant problem, and things are very gay of an evening at the club. I thought," said Phoebe, with a prim glance at Percy, "that that way I should be acting in the best interests of the firm."

"Quite right, Miss Williams," smiled Wethers. "And what happens next?"

"He is going to Hampshire today for some fishing," said Phoebe. "He

"Of course I need more sweets. I don't smoke"

said he had thought of another question to ask me when he gets back."

Wethers smiled again and withdrew to his office. Percy Weaver sat for a long time silently at his desk. Then he suddenly asked Phoebe: "Would you really like living in Africa?"

"Shouldn't mind," she said.

"Phoebe, would you come to dinner with me tonight, for a change?"

"This way," sighed Phoebe, "a girl never gets a chance to rinse her nylons through."

Percy went straight out and bought her half a dozen pairs.

He spent the rest of the morning meeting business friends. In the afternoon he went to see Wethers and announced: "I've decided to go to Africa after all. Thompson has offered me a job in Bathurst."

"But why? Everything's going fine here now."

"I'd like to see a bit of the world, too," Percy mumbled.

Wethers considered. "Do you think she'll have you?"

"I don't know," said Percy, "but I'm going to ask her tonight."

"Good luck," said Wethers. . . .

NEXT morning Percy Weaver arrived late at the office and Phoebe Williams did not arrive at all. Percy went straight to Wethers, who looked up and asked, "Well?"

"Yes," said Percy joyfully, "she'll have me. I don't know what I've done to deserve it, but——"

"But you're the luckiest fellow in the world," said Wethers. "I know. What's Moore going to say when he gets back from his fishing?"

"He's got no complaints," said Percy. "He's had a damn good leave, and he'll return to Freetown now."

"You'll practically be neighbours," mused Wethers. "Him in Freetown and you and Phoebe in the Gambia."

Percy hesitated. "About that African business, Mr. Wethers. I shan't be going after all."

"You won't?"

"It's Phoebe," explained Percy. "It seems she doesn't really want to go to Africa, but she only said that to Moore because she thought it was in the best interests of the firm to get him back to his job."

"Loyal of her," murmured Wethers.

"What she has in mind is a nice little house in Barnes or Richmond or some place, and later on, perhaps a couple of kids. As a matter of fact," added Percy, reddening, "I've come to the conclusion that it's what I want, too."

"Trouble with you young fellows," said Wethers with a grin, "is that you don't know what you do want."

"Perhaps not," admitted Percy, "but Phoebe does."

"Oh, of course," said Wethers. "She has all along. Women always do."

THE END

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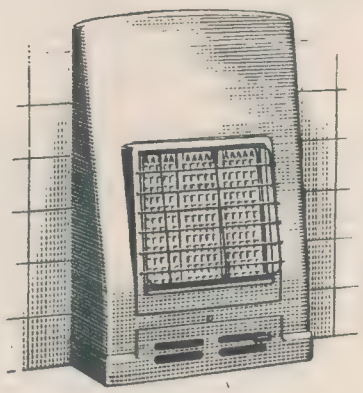

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The Boy From Glentarkie

Continued from page 10

said. "The same rock-solid, kindly Tam."

Kindly Tam. Kindly Tom to people. Kindly T. Grant Gillies to his rivals in the jungle? "Sorry," he said. "I didn't hear."

"I said you'll come back for supper, won't you?"

"There's nothing I would like better," Tom Gillies said, "if That Syme can bear the deprivation."

"It's rather fun," she said, "to hear those pawky quips again."

She carried the wet canvas and he followed with the other things. It occurred to him that Anne Ritchie, *née* Annie Kintair, was delighted to see her old pal Tam, unchanged.

His own discreet inquiries had provided him with facts and circumstances; they had failed to provide him with this shattering intelligence: that his old pal Annie, ever a child to him in mind, was a beautiful woman in her middle thirties, which are the heydays of true beauty.

"My husband was killed in Malaya," she said in that level tone he had noticed already. "Our son is called Colin—Colin Ritchie, nine years old. Tell me about yourself, Tam."

"I was married," he said. "And divorced. No children."

"Oh!" she said. They came to the scooter and the car.

"Hadn't I better take the canvas?"

"I can manage it quite cunningly on the scooter. But yes, if you like."

Anne Ritchie went ahead. It was a mile down-river to the gates, then half

CHILDREN—4

Children have more need of models than of critics.

Joseph Joubert

a mile of avenue. She negotiated potholes on her scooter. There was knee-high grass where the lawns had been.

"Here we are," she said at the front door. "I'm afraid it's pretty decrepit, Tam." She waved her hand by unclipped holly hedge, moss-covered gravel, long grass, streaks in the sandstone. Dry rot? he wondered.

"A beautiful place," he said, which it still was. Decrepitude could add a beauty of its own. But he did not admire decrepitude. When he saw decrepitude his fingers itched to tear it down or to put it right, whichever would be the more rational course.

"I've just sold Glentarkie," she said, as lightly as if she had said that she had sold a dozen tomatoes from the greenhouse. Her family had lived here since fifteen-hundred-odd. "But I'll tell you about that later. Let's go in."

Anne Ritchie preceded T. Grant Gillies through the front door. Annie came to Tam's house, but he went to her house only with her, and only by the kitchen regions, as she used to call them. A custom or convention, unwritten and unspoken—an accepted thing, as are most things in childhood.

A radio or phonograph played in the house. "I didn't know Davy Crockett had reached these shores," he said.

"Our cousins in Vancouver Island sent the record over to Colin."

He followed her through the hall. There were good Persian rugs. There was a Canaletto, he was almost sure.

"Reared on a mountain-top in Tennessee . . ." the boy sang. Davy Crockett in broad Scots was absurd, and amusing. *". . . Killed himself a barr when he was only three. . . ."*

"Come and meet Mr. Gillies, Colin. He lives in Crockett land."

"How d'you do?" said Colin Ritchie. "Gosh, are you from Tennessee?"

"No," he said. "I'm afraid not. New York State is where I live."

"Barrs?"

"No barrs," he replied with equal gravity. "Plenty barrs in Maine not so far away." He thought of telling the boy about bears around the garbage dump at his hunting camp in Washington County, but then he didn't.

"Did you catch any, darling?"

"I got three in the Peaty Burn, just pretty well tiddlers, though. They're in the kitchen."

"Did you clean them?"

Colin Ritchie frowned. "I forgot," he said.

"You'd better go and do that now. No, never mind, I'll clean them later." She fetched a key from the Queen Anne desk. "Wine cellar, just inside on the right, one of those four cobwebby bottles, and do be careful of it, darling. There's gold in them there bottles." Colin went with alacrity. "Do you like whisky, Tam?" she asked.

"Enormously," he said. "What a question!" T.G.G. was entirely human on matters of whisky.

"The last of Father's 1912 Glentarkie, to celebrate the wanderer's return, also to gyp the new owner slightly. Lock, stock and barrel except for any possessions I want to take. I must say they sound most unmercenary."

"The whisky sounds wonderful," said Tom Gillies at the window. He looked down to the River Tarkie, up to the southern hills beyond. The view was wonderful too. Everything was wonderful and confusing.

"The wanderer's return," she said again behind him. "Such a surprise, and I seem to be taking it as a matter of course, but not really."

Colin brought the bottle.

"We haven't got ice, I'm afraid," she said. "Do you mind?"

"This is too good for ice," he said.

"I'll go and get supper ready," she said. "Look after Mr. Gillies, Colin."

"What do you do in America?" the boy asked. "I mean, do you have a job?"

"I build highways," he said, "and things." And this and that and the next thing too, he did not say.

"Do you ever drive a bulldozer?"

"Not now," he said. "I watch the others now. I used to, though." He had driven one last month, as a matter of fact, to show the operator what a man with a true eye for grade could do. *I can do anything that you can do, and better,* was a dictum of T.G.G. It was true in principle, if not in the detail of some technical skills.

"Sort of a boss-man on the road?"

"Yes," he said. "You could call it that."

"I'd rather drive a bulldozer. That's about the best job in the world, I bet. Did you start just when you were a boy?"

"After I left school," he said, "and before I went to college. I must have been seventeen. But I lived at Glentarkie till I was twelve."

"Here? Here in this house, you mean?"

"No," he said, "in the gardener's cottage. My father was head gardener at Glentarkie." Barefooted Highland boy. Actually he had worn nailed boots—tackety boots, they used to call them. "What did you say, Colin?"

"I said we can't afford one gardener now. Oh, I didn't mean. . . ." The boy coloured, as if he had made some social gaffe. "You must have known Mummy, then," he added rapidly.

"I knew her very well," Tom said. "We used to fish together. We did pretty well everything together."

Colin said: "I tell you what. You're like Davy Crockett, that's who you're like, the pictures."

"Thank you for the compliment," he said. "I wish I was like he really was." The legends of America, of Davy Crockett, of the barefooted boys. And a very good thing. Legends made the fibre of a people. Their detailed accuracy was not important.

"Did you know my father, too?"

"No," he said. "I don't think I knew your father."

"That's him, in case you might've."

He had seen the photograph, a fair-haired man with a moustache. "Your father was a fine-looking fellow," Tom Gillies said. "He had a strong face on him."

"Daddy was a soldier. He was a

colonel when he was twenty-five. He got the D.S.O. and bar in the war. Then he was killed in an ambush in Malaya. Were you a soldier in the war?"

"I was in the navy," he said. "I flew flying boats on coastal patrol."

"Oh, gosh, did you?"

"Supper's ready, you two," she called, and they went through. "I hope you don't mind eating in the kitchen. We made this one out of Father's old study, and we have just the two rooms upstairs. It's a very handy corner of the house, with all the rest shut off. The kitchen and the dining-room used to be about seventy yards apart. Remember?"

"Yes," he said. "I remember about it."

"Darling, here are your trout."

"Wouldn't you like to have them?" Colin said to him.

"They're yours," he said. "You eat them, Colin."

"I can catch trout any day till we leave. You can't. You haven't had one since you were twelve, not a trout from the Peaty."

"Go on, Tam," she said. "Colin and I will have cold venison."

"The whisky, then the trout," he said. "I don't deserve perfection." Why the hell did I come? he thought. I must be crazy. But he was peculiarly happy, as well as crazy.

"My last free evening," Anne Ritchie said. "Packing starts at crack of dawn. I'm so glad your holiday happened before we left. What sort of business do you do, Tam?"

"Bulldozers," said Colin. "That's his job."

"That's *Mister Gillies's* job, darling."

"Well, Mister Gillies, then," the boy muttered. A bit of a handful, he might be.

"Why not call me Tam?" he said. "That was my old name here." And your mother was Annie to me, he thought. Annie get your gun. Annie shoot your gun at me.

"Were you the same age as Mummy, Tam?"

"No," he said. "I was two years older. Still am, s'a matter of fact, I guess." The Ritchies seemed to find that amusing, and he finished up his trout. "Best trout ever," he said.

"Are there trout in America, Tam?"

"Best trout in the world. Well, next to Glentarkie."

"Salmon, too?"

"Not many of the Atlantic kind," he said. "They're mostly up in Canada."

"I've heard about those rivers," she said. "Hundreds of dollars a rod a day. Is that true?"

"About some, I guess," he said.

"I tell you what, Tam. If Mummy's packing tomorrow, and you're going to be here, are you . . .?"

"Well," he said, "perhaps one more night." Wouldn't his paragon, Miss Carpenter, be bowled right over to know that T. G. G. had gotten himself into a state of vacillation. "Why, Colin?"

"I've never killed a fish yet, not even one. Could you help me tomorrow?"

"I can try, if you like," he said, remembering that trout were trout, but only a salmon was a fish.

"Are you a salmon fisherman?" she asked, a cool and level glance at him across the table.

"No," he lied, first lie. "But I can hold on to Colin by his pants or kilt," he said.

So that was settled. She washed up, and he dried, and Colin put away. He dried with quite a flourish. He liked this boy; he wished that this boy could be sent to bed. He was soon, and went reluctantly.

THEY had coffee in the other room. "You have some lovely things," he said, meaning the contents of the room, a lived-in jumble of good taste.

"There isn't much left," she said. "Do you know about antiques?"

"No," he said. "I get my culture from the magazines."

"You don't seem bulldozerish a bit," she said. "Tam, Tam, the bulldozer man."

"It's a queer thing," he said, "or perhaps not queer——"

"What's queer or not?"

"About you," he said. "That you say the same sort of thing as Annie, but I have to think of you as Anne." She looked away, and he sensed reserve in her mind about him.

"I'd better say good night to Colin."

She went. He watched her walk across the room. He stood at the window again. He saw a wood pigeon, a pink-warmed grey in the evening light, a clap of wings to a stalling peak, a dive, and start the display all over again.

He admired the wood pigeon. Snap out of it, he thought. Those things don't happen in real life, not to me at thirty-eight. *"A straight-shooter with a steel-trap mind."*

"It's nice about you, Mr. Gillies," said Miss Carpenter. "They mean it nicely, Mr. Gillies."

He had been pleased about it, too. My steel trap is all bemused, he now thought inanely. When would she come back?

She came back. "Tam, do you remember . . .?" she said, sitting away at the end of the sofa. Do I remember? Yes, I remember the things we did. But I cannot remember us careless friends. I forgot that as of five o'clock or so this afternoon. "Och ay!" he said. "I mind yon fine."

She snorted, same like a horse, same like before. A thoroughbred beautiful lady horse.

"You're a big horse now," he said. Witticism well-received.

"Shall we stroll down the drive a bit? I can hear Colin if he calls."

"You spoke about packing," he

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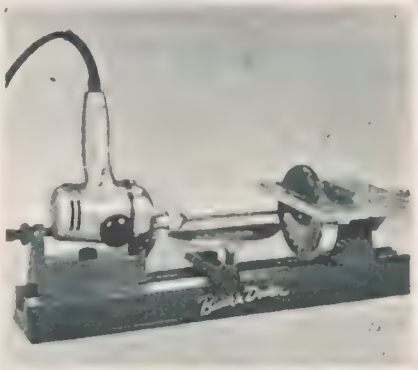

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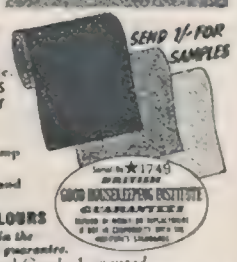

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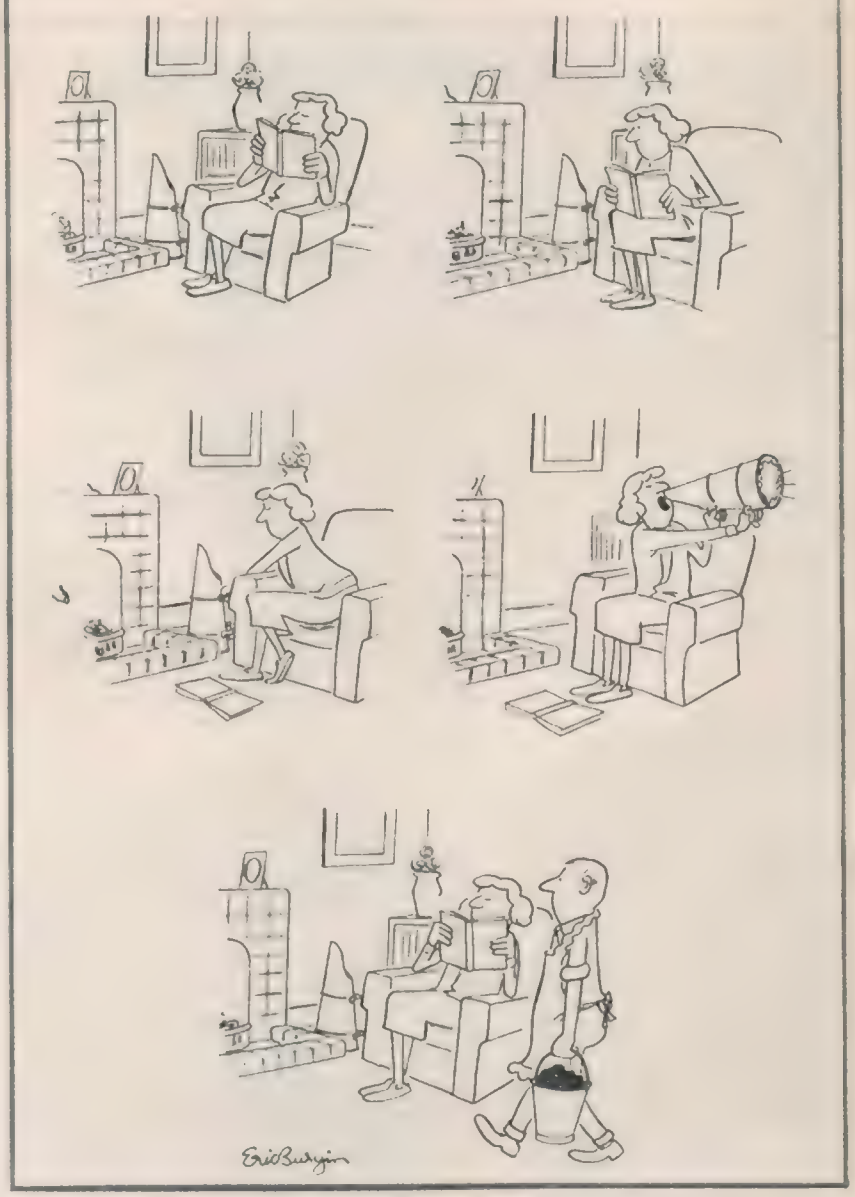

said outside. "Are you leaving soon, then?"

"In two weeks," she said. She was tall. She strolled with a stride as long as his.

"You must feel sad to go," he said.

"For Colin's sake, I am. But I tried to swing it, and I couldn't. You see, Tam, Daddy was such a child about money. . . . And then the death duties. . . . But why should I bore you with my troubles?"

"Go on," Tom Gillies said. Bore him?

"Then my John was killed, and I came back, and I hoped I could do it, but we had those terrible grouse seasons, so then I couldn't even rent the shooting, so I had to let first one keeper, then the other, go.

"Well, once things start going, they do go fast, and I couldn't afford to send Colin to school. So in the end I decided to sell, and by some marvellous fluke, these rich English people. . . .

"A whopping price. They even want me to stay on a year or two rent-free, keepers, gardeners, foresters, servants all provided, till the place is in order again. It seems that they can't occupy this year or next, so they were very keen that I should stay, according to the agent. But I've decided not to."

"Why?" he said. "If that's what they want."

"Because John's parents live in the south, and they hardly ever see Colin, and because I can afford now to send him to his private school and then Eton, which are things John specially wanted, and because there are no boys of his own age here. Lots of reasons. Oh, listen to the blackbird!"

The blackbird sang on an evening in June, a slow evening in the north.

"Won't you feel strange?" he said. "Missing all this, I mean."

"Do you miss all this?"

"No. But I'm an American."

"How sacred *that* sounds!" she said, with a tart whip of temper, original Annie. "Of course I'll miss it, if you want to know."

"In that case," he said, "I don't see why you don't accept their offer."

"I've made the break. I'm not going to be anybody's pensioner, mending what I let go to rack and ruin."

"You always were a haughty wee bezzom," Tom Gillies said: or was it Tam?

She looked round quickly at him. "Haughty? Oh, Tam, was I ever haughty?"

"No," he said. "Proud is what I meant."

"I know," she said. "The sin of pride. But I love Glentarkie. That's the real reason behind the reasons."

"You don't have to tell me that," he said, and they walked up the drive again. The sun had not set, and the blackbird sang.

"Perhaps I've done wrong," she said beside him. "It isn't easy for a woman."

"I know," he said. He had a sharp, a humble, a painful vision of the many things that T. Grant Gillies did not know, or had forgotten.

He got into the car.

"*Aechi-va*, then, Tam," she said.

"*Aechi-va*," he said. Good night in Gaelic. She stood on the steps to watch him go. . . .

THEY had fished the upper pools. The river was in order, but no fish were moving. Colin heaved at the light salmon rod, casting a short line and resting often. It was a bright day for a small bright fly.

They stood now beside the Falls of Tarkie on that rock where he had been added to the composition of a painting. "What shall we try?" he asked the boy.

"Here, this one. It's our own special fly, a Tarkie Wonder. My grandfather invented it after he was in Canada one time, Mummy says. It's terrific. Okay, Tam?"

The Tarkie Wonder was a bright fly

indeed. "Okay," he said. "Ah, there's a fish!"

A small salmon, eight pounds or ten, jumped up and over and in at the far side of the pool. Fresh-run, it looked, shaking the sea-lice off.

"I can't reach that," said Colin. "And it's hopeless from the other bank. Beelzebubconfound'n-blastit!"

Tom Gillies smiled. There were many quick things about this child that were his from his mother, the childhood Annie.

"Start close in," he said, "and lengthen a yard each time. The fish may come to meet us."

The body of the pool was still and deep. There was a riffle at the outer bank, a sweep of fast water below rocks. It was there that the fish had jumped. The Tarkie Wonder plopped in, gleamed across, skidded to cut the surface, sank in the dead part of the pool. Lengthen a yard and try again.

COLIN fished it well, grunting at each two-handed cast, until there was too much line for his strength, too little casting space—he was caught up behind. Tom Gillies climbed to free the fly.

The third time Colin dropped the rod with a clatter on the rock. "I can't," he said. "I just can't."

"I tell you what," Tom said loudly by the falls. "Suppose I have a try, and give you the rod if we hook a fish. Then you can play it just the same. Okay?"

Colin shrugged. "I can't," his lips moved to say.

There was no room behind. There was only one way of reaching the far side of this pool. It was the way he fished his best pool back home. It was not the least of his many skills. It was a cast that some fishermen used exclusively, a cast that none but experienced fly fishermen could make.

He looked round—only Colin and he at the Falls of Tarkie.

He practised twice for the feel of the rod, which was too short and too light to be suited to this; but he thought he could make it. A flat gathering sweep, curve up faster and draw, and down with the punch of his wrists.

The line rolled out, cutting a straight furrow, hissing, he knew, but he could not hear the hiss—and the Tarkie Wonder was plucked from the water, to follow the roll, to splash. This was the Roll Cast of America, the Spey Cast of Scotland, done in masterly fashion by Tom Gillies.

"Oh, gosh!" He heard Colin at his side. "How d'you manage that?"

The accomplishment was a means to an end, no more. By the fifth cast he was at the salmon's jumping place. By the sixth he was below it. At the lucky seventh, nothing. But at the eighth, that very agreeable thing occurred—the line checked in its swing, the far few inches of it vanished. He waited for the tentative tug; he struck. Tom Gillies was into his first Scottish salmon.

"Sit down, Colin!" He played the first short rush, recovered line, put the rubber-tipped butt in a hollow of rock between Colin's legs, and said: "You've got her. We can't follow him out of the pool, so you'll have to be firm." He hooked a finger into the waist-band of the boy's kilt, and said no more.

"Well done, Colin," called Anne Ritchie from behind them on the rock.

"Arms just about bustin'," he panted.

"Want me to put a hand on the rod?" Tom asked.

"No!"

"You gaff it?" he asked Anne Ritchie later.

"No," she said. "You."

He gaffed it.

Colin was purple in the face, and gasping. He rubbed his arms. "Och, yon was braw," he said broad. "Oh gosh, oh gosh, oh gosh, I got a salmon."

"Thanks to your ally, Tam," she said on the way round and out to the car. "I arrived just in time to see you hook the fish," she went on, with a curiously speculative look at him. "I

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thought you weren't a salmon fisherman. That was the prettiest Spey-casting I've ever seen."

"We use it for striped bass in the surf, you know," he explained. T. Grant Gillies was a truthful fellow, and in necessity an admirably open-faced romancer.

"Tam, Tam, the bulldozer man," she said. "Is there anything you don't know about?"

He was annoyed by ironical condescension in the tone of the Laird's most beautiful daughter. "You!" he said.

"There's no need to glare at me, then," she snapped, and kicked her scooter into life, and went.

"What's Mummy cross about?"

"Dunno," he said. "Don't ask me, Bud. Best of women gets mighty cross."

Colin laughed whole-heartedly.

ON the way to Glentarkie House, he said: "I wish you lived with us always. I know what I'm going to do next, Tam. I'm going to have supper early. Then I'm going to fish the Rum Burn from the loch right down."

"Fishing again? Not enough for one day?"

"There's only thirteen days after today. Will you come with me?"

"I might," he said. "We'll see."

He did not intend to go fishing with Colin. He intended to talk to Colin's mother. But what was he going to say to her, and how was he going to say it . . . ?

The afternoon had turned sultry. The blue of the sky was dull. The leaves of the aspen hardly shivered. The sounds of the glen were close.

". . . Oh, all right, darling, if you must. What time does your watch say?"

"Seventeen-and-a-half to six."

"You're to be back at a quarter to nine, not a moment later; but if it looks like rain or thunder, start down at once. All right?"

Colin was tensed for take-off. Over the hills and far away. You could see demon-energy seething in him.

"One other thing—you're to stay on the west bank of the burn, not to cross to the Green Bog side at all. Now promise, darling!"

"Fuss-fuss! Okay." Colin sped down the drive on his bicycle.

"It's high time he went to school," she said. "I can't manage him any longer. I can't manage anything much, let's face it."

"Och, come away, Annie," he chided her.

"Annie!" she said, going into the house. "Oh no, not me! I'm an apology for Annie. But you're still the same sweet Tam."

He smiled at the woman's word. Sweet was not the word for him.

"Why hanker back?" he asked. "You look pretty much alive to me. Stop acting like a fossil, then."

She moved her head, but she did not answer.

They had a drink. They talked about the people of the glen. It seemed that the people he remembered all were gone—age, war, cities, emigration. The minister was the only person he had met again. Casual talk.

I've got to speak to her now, he thought. But he put it off.

"Where did you learn to paint like that?" It stood on a table against the wall. "You must have studied."

"I went to the Slade," she said. "It was just after the war, when John had left for Malaya, and I was living with his parents, and waiting for Colin to arrive. . . ." The sentence tailed off. She seemed restless, looking out of the window. "I thought I heard thunder then," she said.

"Do you ever sell your pictures?"

"I have," she said. "A few. I might take it up again when we live in the south. Have time, I mean."

"I like this one." There was an awkwardness between them, and he had important things to say, to be dragged out of himself somehow, and he did not know how the hell to begin, so he seized on another thing to say: "Would you sell it to me?"

"*Sell* it, Tam?" she said. "Sell it to *you*? No. I won't. I'd like to give it to you."

"No," he said. Tom Gillies gathered himself. He cursed T. Grant Gillies for the vain, blundering bulldozer man that he certainly was. "Anne," he began, still looking at the picture.

"Yes?" she said. There was silence, and he felt her glance round at him. "Well, Tam?" she said.

He looked at her. She sat quite still, her eyes straight ahead, her hands clasped and the knuckles tight.

"There's something I have to say to you, Anne."

The telephone rang in the hall outside. She went, closing the door behind her.

Tom Gillies got up to stand at the window.

THE sun was shining on Ben Rum. Clouds at the shoulders were indigo black. He heard thunder now, *mutter mutter*, too distant for a rumble.

The sunlight was soft on the cliffs of Ben Rum, but clouds were gathering all the way from the south to the west, not one storm but a hunting pack of storms far off. He wondered about Colin.

He heard her footsteps in the hall. He turned.

She stood with her left hand on the door. "For you," she said quietly. Her body was young in her cotton dress.

Her face was pale, pinch-lined from the nose to the sides of the mouth. Trouble, he knew. Father or Mother? There could be no other family troubles for him.

She moved to the table where the painting stood. Her back was to him, Anne's rounded, voluptuous back. But her voice was the voice of the childhood Annie.

"For T. Grant Gillies at his new Scottish place. For the Laird of Glentarkie himself," she said.

To be concluded next week

Walking On A Work Of Art

Continued from page 19

improving, but he says: "I wish I could always say the same for their carpet manners." After his firm had supplied the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, with 6,968 yards of twenty-seven-inch wide carpet with a musical background, he attended an opening night. "I was standing in the crush bar," he says, "and next to me I saw a fellow grinding his cigarette end into the carpet with his foot. I nearly dropped my drink. I found cigarette burns everywhere."

Marchetti sought out one of the Covent Garden officials and explained that, much as he would like to supply another seven thousand yards of carpet to the Opera House, it hurt his feelings to see the first order so treated. Ushers promptly put two hundred ashtrays in strategic places.

"I have even had some of these cigarette vandals in my own home," says Marchetti. "If I see one at work I stop the conversation, pick up the cigarette end and throw it into the fire in front of everyone. At least I know that *one* man won't do it again."

Marchetti is also a powerful salesman. He spends four or five months every two years touring Australia and New Zealand. In between, he goes to South Africa and other parts of the Commonwealth. Quite often, he finds that local buyers have their own suggestions to make regarding designs and colours. Recently an Australian wholesaler told him: "If only you would take the centre rose out of this design, I'd buy it." Marchetti wired his firm: "Airmail me slip sample without the rose." Within two weeks, a whole new carpet had been woven and Marchetti was showing it to the buyer.

Over the years, Marchetti has carefully studied the requirements of each country. In Britain, he has noted considerable differences in taste from one region to another. Londoners demand plain carpets, the traditional Orientals and a few contemporary designs. In the south and west of England, customers want soft pastel shades, while in the north, with its soot and grime, people want bolder, brighter colours. "Selling a soft mushroom pink here in Halifax," he says, "is as hard as trying to sell *me* a carpet." Sudden and inexplicable changes in one part of the country are not rare. Liverpool, keen on traditional patterns for years, has suddenly taken to very modern designs. Marchetti is still trying to find out why.

A confirmed bachelor, he lives in a beautiful Elizabethan house a few miles from Halifax, with priceless antiques, his grandfather's sword and a fine collection of classical records. Music is his main hobby. A few years ago, he founded the Halifax Philharmonic Club, whose members now give regular chamber music concerts. He is also chairman of a local brewery.

BUT carpets are his life. Apart from launching about sixty new designs a year, Marchetti keeps alive his firm's considerable traditional trade in "special orders"—very special carpets made for wealthy customers. This trade started in the 1860s when two white-robed emissaries reached the Halifax mill with an order from the Sultan of Morocco: His Sherifian Majesty desired a new carpet for his harem. It had to have a bright gold ground strewn with white horseshoes.

The carpet was duly made and the Crossley designers made use of their new knowledge of Moslem ways to start a large trade in prayer mats. They now export them to mosques all over the East.

Occasionally, some very odd orders come in, and sometimes a customer's ideas go right against the grain of Marchetti's artistic sense. A few months ago, the then exiled Kabaka of Buganda ordered a large carpet of a handsome, stylized Adam design which he had admired. He wanted one small alteration: the period medallion in the centre of each square had to be replaced by a lion, a shield and two assagais, in commemoration of the first lion killed by His Majesty.

Being a businessman, Marchetti obliged, but not without wincing. "I only hope that the Kabaka is enjoying it now that he is back in his own palace."

THE END

Test-tube Millions Shape A Revolution

Continued from page 17

are stored in test-tubes in refrigerators, incubators and ordinary office filing cabinets.

"My job," he says, "is to keep an indexed 'library' for firms, universities and scientists in general who need bacteria for research."

Last year, he answered about 1,400 calls. Carefully packed cultures—enough for the recipients to breed more bacteria on arrival—were sent to places not only in Britain but throughout the world, including South America, Canada, the Belgian Congo and countries behind the Iron Curtain.

He had a score of requests when a newspaper published an article on home-made wines and housewives wanted "bees"—white pellets which turn a sugar solution into alcohol. "I had to refuse. They consist of bacteria and yeast, and I do not keep mixed cultures."

Although 400 million of his charges would be needed to cover a pin-head, some of them, like the *Sarcina flava*, which still flourish happily after three years of captivity, have expensive criminal records. They have chewed through concrete water mains, bored holes in thick steel walls, infected tinned foods, rotted fire hoses, ruined machinery by impairing the efficiency of lubricating oils, and brought factories to a standstill by choking pipes.

The majority, however, satisfy their appetites with more helpful results. Every week for four years at a cost of £1 a time—"our nominal charge when supplying firms"—Greaves has posted cultures to a tannery in the north which sets them to work eating whiskers off leather.

Another unusual request h come from a dried egg factory in Ireland. The firm discovered that it obtained a better product if the carbohydrates, or sugars, were removed from the raw eggs before drying. Greaves accordingly supplied a culture of *Aerobacter aerogenes*, a strain which ate the carbohydrates but left the rest of the egg untouched.

He has found that many people regard the term bacteria with apprehension. His wife was alarmed when he arrived home with a test tube of *Lactobacillus lactis*. He left them in an airing cupboard to keep warm for the night before putting them into his laboratory's incubator the next morning.

"They had come from milk and were quite harmless," he says. "They did an important job which would have been difficult by any other means." Doctors measured the strength of vitamin B12, the drug for treating pernicious anaemia, by watching how quickly the bacteria bred on it.

On arrival at Teddington, each strain is given rigorous tests, sometimes lasting a month or longer, to determine that it is pure and to find what work it will do.

When first unpacked, the bacteria, which are of four basic shapes—spheres, rods, spirals and commas—are usually drowsy after the journey. But they soon begin to breed at a prodigious rate.

"Some of the cells split into halves every twenty minutes, and each half grows into a new cell," says Monica Greenwood, one of Greaves's four assistants. "This means that a cell produces ten thousand others in five hours. In a day, the number runs into hundreds of millions."

Greaves encourages this energetic reproduction with pampering. Certain bacteria are companionable and exist contentedly with fellow-microbes; a few

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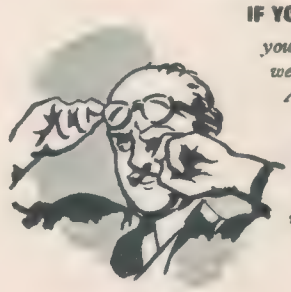

IF YOU WEAR GLASSES . . .

your eyes may be naturally weak and need extra care. A daily Optrex eye bath will counteract strain and keep them in good condition. Whether you wear glasses or not it's wise to seek professional advice periodically.

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TWO ways to get "three cheers" with freshly cooked chicken noodle soup

Read KATHLEEN RICHARDS' hints and tips on next page

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YOU'LL LOVE THIS GOLDEN SOUP MADE FROM REAL CHICKEN!

It stands to reason that *freshly cooked* soup is always better than a soup that you just "warm up". No two ways about that! But there are two ways of going about it. You can do all the work yourself (who has time?). Or you can have chicken noodle soup *freshly cooked* in only 7 minutes by using Batchelors "Handbag Cookery"—foil packets of Batchelors soups that you can pop into your handbag.

You actually cook this soup yourself, just as you would with freshly made soup. But Batchelors take all the hard work out of it for you by doing all the preparation.
Just wait till you taste that chicken! You'll really enjoy Batchelors Chicken Noodle Soup—*freshly cooked* by you. Garnished with parsley—and those noodles—just too wonderful for words! Four big helpings 1/-.

Batchelors Soup Mixes

FRESHLY COOKED BY YOU FOR REAL FLAVOUR!

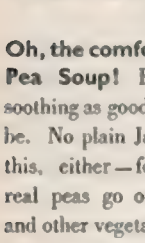
Advertisement

by KATHLEEN RICHARDS

A job in your life? A man in your house? A couple of youngsters who eat like a couple of wolves? Then you're the one for "Handbag Cookery"—my pet name for Batchelors Soup Mixes.

I've carried home as many as four hot meals in that neat little handbag of mine! How do they taste? Well, you'll see for yourself that Batchelors make them taste like the soup you once took a whole morning to make. But they tell me the trick lies in the fact *you* cook practically everything for the first time.

Oh, the luxury of Mushroom Soup! Rich and mushroomy. No unrecognisable bits of something-or-other. But full of real mushroom. A cheering beginning to a slap-up meal. A wonderful snack with fried bread and hunks of cheese when the television play's on.



Oh, the comfort of Thick Pea Soup! Friendly and soothing as good soup should be. No plain Jane pea soup this, either—for with the real peas go onions, leeks, and other vegetables to make it a real heart-warmer in every sense. Try adding diced cooked sausage just before serving . . . very effective.

Oh, the joy of Onion Soup! Batchelors Onion Soup brings you the flavour they love in France in two ticks (it takes 2½ hours over there). Wonderful for warming you up—but *you* don't just warm *it* up. You actually *cook it yourself.* Serve it in a big tureen—let the family dip for themselves.

Batchelors Soup Mixes

1/- THICK PEA • MUSHROOM
CHICKEN NOODLE
VEGETABLE • ONION

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are cannibalistic—or suicidally inclined. "I put chalk in the test-tubes to stop them from killing themselves by making too much acid."

Thermostatically controlled cabinets offer temperatures from 68 to 140 degrees Fahrenheit. In addition, Greaves caters for a variety of diets by providing a hundred different foods.

The more easily satisfied bacteria live on nails, seaweed jelly, skimmed milk, soya flour, or pond water which he fetches from a nearby field, but the gourmets among them insist on prime steak, beef broth, tomato juice and English honey. Some, with ferocious appetites, multiply best on salt and even carbolic acid.

When asked to send bacteria to a destination in Britain, Greaves usually supplies a test-tube of food, such as milk, which is infected with the required strain. The problem of dispatching them on long journeys abroad has been solved by a method of dehydration used for blood plasma during the war.

The bacteria are frozen solid and put into a vacuum. The ice then gradually evaporates, leaving a whitish powder which can be reconstituted by adding the microbes' normal food.

"We have proved that bacteria can be preserved in this way for at least five years," he says. "They are in a state of suspended animation, half-way between life and death."

He admits that he is nowhere near obtaining a specimen of every strain. The task would be virtually impossible. Micro-organisms, which defy biological classification by being part-vegetable and part-animal, exist in countless thousands of different types.

Only about one strain in thirty thousand, though, is pathogenic or dangerous to humans and animals. Some, in fact, are essential for food production. They swell the dough in bread-making, help to brew beer and vinegar, and ferment milk for making cheese and yoghourt.

Not until comparatively recently, with the invention of powerful microscopes, was it realized that micro-organisms caused these reactions.

Today, by studying the silent, near-invisible world of microbes splitting, growing and re-forming, scientists like Greaves believe that a strange kind of industrial revolution is at hand.

Bacteria can make sulphur — a chemical which figured in the news when a shortage threatened to cause a national crisis. They can also make acetone, lactic acid and citric acid.

A profound change is happening in medicine. *Actinomycetes*, as they are known, produce antibiotics: penicillin, streptomycin and aureomyoin. Other microbes do one of the most complex of the fifty-odd processes in making cortisone—the drug for rheumatoid arthritis—and progress has been made in the manufacture of vitamin B12.

Looking to the future, Greaves maintains that, if necessary, microbes could provide huge quantities of a food which, though not exactly appetizing, would be highly nutritious.

During the war, Kenneth Butlin, the present head of the Microbiological Group at Teddington, helped to prove the feasibility of this by feeding microbes on molasses, potatoes, twigs and bracken, and obtaining sacks of brown, powdery yeast. "It supplemented our rations," he recalls.

The National Collection of Industrial Bacteria, which is government-owned and adjoins the National Physical Laboratory, was taken over by Greaves when it was established in 1950. It began with a nucleus of two hundred strains from the Medical Research Council.

A dozen strains in the current collection are pathogenic and could cause gangrene, boils and similar infections. As simple precautions, food is never eaten in the laboratory, labels are moistened under a tap—not licked—and any cuts or grazes on hands are covered tightly. A few years ago, a worker in another British collection became infected through a cut and caught Malta fever.

Greaves, who has two sons, one of whom, at the age of eleven, is intent on following his father's career, was a hospital bacteriologist before he joined the Chemical Research Laboratory in 1927.

His job often absorbs his spare time. Some bacteria are willing to wait a year between meals, but others need fresh food every four hours. Several have worried him by refusing to thrive on his hospitality.

One such strain was *Acetobacter peroxydans*, used for brewing beer, which had been airmailed to the collection by a scientist in Delft, Holland. Greaves fed them on bottled ale which he had bought from a local off-licence, but they lost their appetite.

Finally, when they seemed in danger of dying, he wrote to Delft for advice. The Dutchman replied: "Microbes, like some humans, do not take to British beer."

"I promptly laid in a stock of Continental lager," says Greaves. "As soon as the bacteria were fed on it they turned the corner and lived." THE END

Speed In My Blood

Continued from page 14

going but that he was taking Jean with him. Unfortunately for him, but fortunately for me, his visit was not successful in that he did not reach three hundred miles an hour, and he decided to return to the United States in the following August. This time he took me with him.

We sailed for New York in the Majestic with his latest Bluebird, travelled by railway to Detroit and then flew to Salt Lake City. I was now just over fourteen years of age, and life was wonderful. Naturally, Leo Villa was with the team, and also Harry Leach, of the experimental department of Southampton University, who worked with Leo on the development of Father's cars.

We were all very proud of the new Bluebird, to my mind one of the most beautiful machines of her kind ever built. Painted deep sapphire, long, low-lying and streamlined with a tall, tapering tail, she was powered by the Rolls-Royce 37 engine which with a ram on the blower developed 2,500 brake horse power at speeds approaching three hundred miles an hour.

She was the last of Father's Bluebird cars—he had first used the name in 1911 after the title of Maeterlinck's play, which had had a successful run in London. He had previously called his cars Flapper; there was a Flapper I and a Flapper II. Neither of them brought him any luck. But he was successful with his first Bluebird and from that time onwards named all his racing cars, and later his racing speed boats, Bluebird.

My first sight of Salt Lake City remains with me to this day. Flying through a gap in the Rocky Mountains at night we looked downwards and ahead to see what seemed to me thousands of fairy lights of many different colours. Soon we were down and at our hotel; and I was impatient to get out to the Bonneville Salt Flats, a dried-up lake some 120 miles away.

The next day we drove out under a blue sky and burning sun. The glare was intense yet mild compared with that at the flats. Dead white, they stretched as far as the eye could see, split only by a road and railway that ran in a straight line to the horizon. The sun's reflection was terrific.

For the record attempt a track had been cleared running dead straight for fifteen miles. Down its centre was a black guiding line—crude oil applied by spraying. On either side huge boards marked the miles up to the measured mile—the first was a "6," indicating six miles to the start of the measured mile, the next was "5," indicating five miles, and so on. The start of the measured mile, accurate to one-eighth of an inch, was marked by red boards. More boards marked out the run back from the other end of the course, and at each end were canvas shelters under which Bluebird was parked to protect her from the sun.

Trial runs went well. They indicated that Bluebird would be at her limit at a shade over three hundred miles an hour. It was also clear that a major hazard would be damage to the tyres.

These were specially made and cost about £100 each. They had fifteen layers of cord fabric which were sheathed by a layer of rubber no thicker than a cigarette paper and with no treads. This was because of the centrifugal force exerted on the tyres by high speed. When the car approached three hundred miles an hour, the tyres changed shape. Treads would have been ripped off and Bluebird thrown off balance. The centrifugal force that caused the tyres to change shape also increased their diameter, this making Bluebird slightly faster.

Although the soft salt was far less abrasive than sand or concrete or tarmac, a run of fifteen miles tore the thin rubber covering to shreds. All six tyres—double at the rear, single at the front—had to be changed after every run, which meant £600 a time.

Various adjustments were needed by Bluebird before the record attempt, and while Leo and the team were at work I spent my time with men of the Salt Lake City Police. They were grand lads. The chief of police made me an honorary member of the force, complete with sheriff's shield and star.

Soon everything was ready for the record attempt and we moved out from the hotel in Salt Lake City to what was then the small mining town of Wendover, some fifteen miles away from the flats. Father was cheerful, calm and a bit reserved when we left Wendover before the sun was up on the morning of "the day." I was tremendously excited but trying not to show it; it was, after all, the first time I was able to appreciate seeing him attempt a world speed record.

We drove out to Bluebird, under her canvas shelter, in a big Lincoln, everybody in white overalls, nobody saying very much, any excitement in their eyes masked by sun glasses. The Lincoln was parked near the shelter, the team fussed around Bluebird; and then all save Father, Leo and myself drove off in another car to the other end of the course. The sun began to climb and we began to sweat; the glare from the salt was intense; somewhere an aeroplane droned overhead with a newsreel man to take shots of the record run.

"All ready, Sir Malcolm."

"Good! Let's go!" said Father.

"Best of luck, Dad!"

He grinned at me, walked over to Bluebird, clambered into the cockpit, settled himself, adjusted his goggles.

"Right, Leo," he called.

Leo started a small engine, connected by tubes to Bluebird to provide her with compressed gas for starting. Bluebird came to life with a roar and a gout of black exhaust. The tubes were disconnected. Leo and I with many other willing helpers pushed Bluebird out into the sun. And then, with a thunderous burst, Bluebird was away, on track, and in a matter of moments was a small sapphire speck in an expanse of white. Suddenly she vanished, already miles away out of sight.

"Quick, Leo," I yelled.

We rushed for the Lincoln, Leo at the wheel and me scrambling in beside him. We tore off down the track after Bluebird, the needle on the speedometer climbing until it reached one hundred. Yet in that vast expanse we seemed to be standing still, only the black line

CHILDREN—5

Children, like Nature, abhor a vacuum. One moment, they have nothing to do; next, they have found something appalling.

Lady Pakenham

CATARRH AND BRONCHITIS RUINED HIS SLEEP

TILL FAMEL

gave blessed relief

SAYS Mr. L. SMITH
85 HIGHBURY ROAD,
BEDMINSTER, BRISTOL

"I had an attack of gastric flu and bronchitis and could not stop the constant violent cough, I read your advert for Famel and thought I would try it. I have not missed one minute's sleep through coughing since the first dose. The bad catarrh and bronchitis have practically disappeared. I only wish I had tried Famel years ago".

What Famel did for Mr. Smith, it can do for you! Many an 'ordinary' cold has turned to something more serious through neglect. Deal with colds and flu promptly. Famel Syrup, a scientific preparation renowned throughout the world for its success, is the sure way to get relief!

Powerful 3-way help for your COUGH

★ **THE RIGHT WAY TO TREAT A COLD** Keep warm and rest —in bed if you can, and take a few doses of Famel Syrup. If the cold has turned to a stubborn cough, with all its attendant miseries, Famel is of even greater help.

★ **QUICK RELIEF** Famel eases soreness and soothes away irritation, so that you can rest and sleep at night.

★ **DEEP PENETRATION** Famel acts powerfully but safely through the blood stream, dealing with infection *from within*, deep down throughout the breathing system.

★ **NEW STRENGTH** Famel's special tonic properties help build up resistance and bring you new strength for speedy recovery.

Get FAMEL for that COUGH

FROM CHEMISTS ONLY 2/6 3/9 7/4

"Good morning, Alice"

in the centre of the track appearing to move as it ran under our front wheels. We watched the mile boards tick by—six, five, four, three, two, one, and then the red splotches of the start of the measured mile blurred past us. On to the end of the mile and then, two or three miles farther on, we saw Bluebird again.

"Hell!" Leo shouted. "Something's wrong."

Something was wrong. Bluebird, now looking as though she had been through a snowstorm, had a coat of speckled salt spots; she was surrounded by a small group of mechanics, every man's face glistening with sweat.

Father was standing alone a few yards away. He looked pale, grim, tired and drawn.

I went over to him.

"What happened, Dad?"

"Nearside front tyre burst. I had her going at three hundred and four."

I WENT over to Bluebird. The tyre was a mess, the burst of its explosion had buckled all the fairings. It was burning and giving off so much heat that it was impossible to get near it. But it was not the bursting of the tyre that was making Father look ill. During the run over the measured mile he had closed the radiator shutter to improve Bluebird's streamlining; some aerodynamic freak had caused exhaust fumes to be dragged into the cockpit and oil had been splashed over the windscreen. He had nearly passed out.

A tense atmosphere began to develop among us. The return run had to be made within an hour so that the average of the two runs could be worked out for the record. It seemed half a day before the tyre cooled, repairs were made, all six wheels changed and the windscreen cleaned.

I stayed with Father. I had never seen him so grim and determined.

"Will the run back be all right, Dad?"

"Have to be, boy, have to be."

Somehow I got the impression that Father felt things might go wrong again. I sensed that he felt it might be the end. I began to worry; but there was not much I could do, and it seemed the less I said the better.

Eventually Leo came over and said: "All right now, sir."

"Thanks, Leo."

Father settled into the cockpit.

The engine would not start. Plugs were oiled up and something was wrong with the compressed air. Everyone was working and swearing, paying no heed to their burned fingers. The vital hour was running out. I glanced at my watch. Ten minutes to go, five minutes to go.

Then with a roar Bluebird came alive again. Another spurt of black smoke and she was off, away and out of sight. With tensed, worried faces we clambered into the Lincoln.

Hours seemed to pass as we tore back along the track and stared through the windscreen, silent and preoccupied. I could still see Father's grim face.

At last we sighted the specks at the end of the track.

"Where is she?"

We couldn't see Bluebird. Then we saw a group round her canvas shelter.

"Thank God!" said Leo.

Bluebird was out of the sun, snugly tucked away. Everything must have gone all right.

"Steady, boy!" said Leo, as he pulled over towards the shelter, slowing down the Lincoln.

I was looking for Father, opening the door. The Lincoln seemed nearly to have stopped and I leaped out. Instantly I found myself rolling head over heels—the Lincoln had still been going at thirty miles an hour. Dazed, I picked myself up, stumbled along to find Father.

"Everything all right, Dad?"

"Fine, boy! What on earth have you done to yourself?"

Blood was streaming from cuts on my face, but they didn't matter. I could have broken a leg at that moment and not noticed it.

While I was being patched up and Father was smoking and scolding me, an official rushed up to him and said:

"A new record, Sir Malcolm, three hundred and one miles an hour. Congratulations!"

Father's face split into his cheerful grin, everybody started cheering and we hugged one another. It was a terrific moment with a mixture of emotion: exhilaration, relief after the earlier tensions, and pride.

BACK home, congratulations showered on Father, and at school I found fresh opportunities for trading his autographs on a quickening market.

While I was at school that year, Father sold our home at Povey Cross and bought Headley Grove, on Pebblecombe Hill, Surrey. It was a lovely old Georgian building, an immense place, all in white with pillared verandas, and standing in spacious parkland. Jean and I were sorry to leave Povey Cross, where we had enjoyed so much fun and where life was cheerfully informal.

There were different ideas at Headley Grove. Jean and I had to sit on chairs that were covered with brown paper and we were forbidden the kitchen and foraging raids on the pantry. It was all most formal and irksome. But outside the house we had our dogs, there

was rough shooting in the woods and rats to be smoked out from under huge elms.

Father was out to win the world water speed record held by Gar Wood, of the United States, with 124.86 miles an hour. His first Bluebird speedboat was designed by Fred Cooper and was being built by Saunders Roe. She was to be of wood and powered by a single engine; she was to be on the single-step hydroplane principle and she would have a single propeller turning at something like ten thousand revolutions a minute.

During this period Father was writing two books, in which he forecast that war with Nazi Germany was inevitable and advocated the building of deep air-raid shelters. He had become convinced that the Nazis meant war during a visit he paid to south-west Africa in 1934 to look for a gold reef in the Namib Desert; but little attention was paid to his theories. He also had a bomb-proof shelter built at Headley Grove during 1936.

MEANWHILE school terms ticked by and 1936 slid into 1937. I went back to Uppingham for the spring term, looking forward to my sixteenth birthday round about the Easter holidays. But when it arrived it had very little interest for me. I contracted rheumatic fever.

Days passed in a blur of semi-consciousness and pain and nothing in life interested me. After about three weeks I began to feel better and Father wrote that he was making arrangements for me to return home.

More than once during my convalescence Father spoke seriously to me. "You've got to take things easily, old chap. The doctors tell me that rheumatic fever affects the valves of the heart and if you go tearing around too soon you'll knock yourself out and probably injure the old ticker permanently."

He was most concerned about my heart, and packed me off to Brighton during the summer while he went north to Loch Lomond for the official launching of his new speedboat. Although at first morose at not being able to go with him, I found that Brighton and staying with friends was good fun, and soon I was feeling really fit, eating enormously and putting on a considerable amount of weight.

Then came the cheering news that, early in August, 1937, Father had broken the world water speed record, on Lake Maggiore in Italy, raising it to 129.56 miles an hour.

Apparently the doctors were really concerned about my heart and apprehensive about how it might be affected by the approaching winter. Father looked back to his own youth for the answer. His father had sent him to Germany and then to France when he had been about my age, chiefly to learn the languages and to make up his mind about a career. It was decided that I should go to Cannes for the winter.

"But you're not to go tearing around," said Father. "You take it easy, get as much sun as possible and see that you learn French."

In Cannes I had girl friends for the first time and thought myself no end of a lad since I was not quite seventeen; but no progress was made with my French apart from a few odd phrases. Father arrived in the spring of 1938 to see how I was getting on, and I met him at the station.

"Get a taxi, boy," he said.

I whistled and waved.

"No," said father. "Ask for one in French."

"Taxi!" I bellowed, and we grinned at one another.

It did not take him long to see that I was pretty fit, nor to decide that I had been long enough away from home. Back at Headley Grove, Father inquired one morning: "Well, boy, you didn't learn much French. Did you make up your mind what sort of a job you want to do?"

"No, but I rather like the idea of going into the R.A.F."

"Nonsense, boy! Not with that heart of yours!"

Once again he thought back to his own youth. His father had sent him to Lloyd's, and that day he talked with its chairman.

A few mornings later he said: "Make yourself look decent and tidy. I'm taking you up to the City. You're going to join Howden's, insurance brokers at Lloyd's."

And so I began life as an office boy at a salary of £1 a week. Life became a routine, interrupted pleasantly in September, 1938, when father took me to Lake Hallwil, Switzerland, where he increased his world record slightly to 130.93 miles an hour. He was pleased with the result, but determined to go faster. During the journey back to England he was already discussing a new Bluebird.

We were now in the autumn of the Munich Agreement. Father had joined the Territorial Army and formed a special company of mobile military police, equipped with cars and motor-bikes, which attracted many notable racing motor-cyclists.

I, too, turned motor-cyclist and joined a flying squad of special constables, formed by the Chief Constable of Reigate, William Beecher. Members were part-time volunteers, many of them prominent in the racing world. Beecher appointed me his special dispatch rider, and I felt quite proud of myself in the uniform: blue peaked cap, blue jacket and knee breeches with black gaiters. I also had my eye on the special air squad operating from Redhill Aerodrome, which offered a useful opportunity for learning to fly.

Father's plans for his new Bluebird were going ahead. She was to be bigger than the first boat, 27 feet by 11 feet 2 inches, and powered by a Rolls-Royce engine.

The objective was for a speed of anything up to 150 miles an hour. Preparations were being made for her to be launched at Lake Coniston, in the Lake District, during August, 1939, when Father would attempt to increase his record. To my joy he decided that I should name the new boat.

August came and we drove up to the Lake District, arriving in gloriously sunny weather. Coniston looked perfect. The long and comparatively narrow lake, a sheet of blue under summer skies, was hedged by the deep green of wooded hills, with the Old Man of Coniston dominating the west. I sniffed the air, and it was good.

Bluebird, brand new, looking sleek and powerful in her coat of deep sapphire, was lying on a cradle in a temporary boathouse on a slipway beside the pier from which steamers plied up and down the lake. We looked her over, then went to our hotel impatient for the morning.

Leo rehearsed me for the naming ceremony and, with my mind more on seeing her in action on the lake, and with Father smiling and a big crowd round, I declared: "I name this craft Bluebird. May God bless her, her pilot and all who work with her."

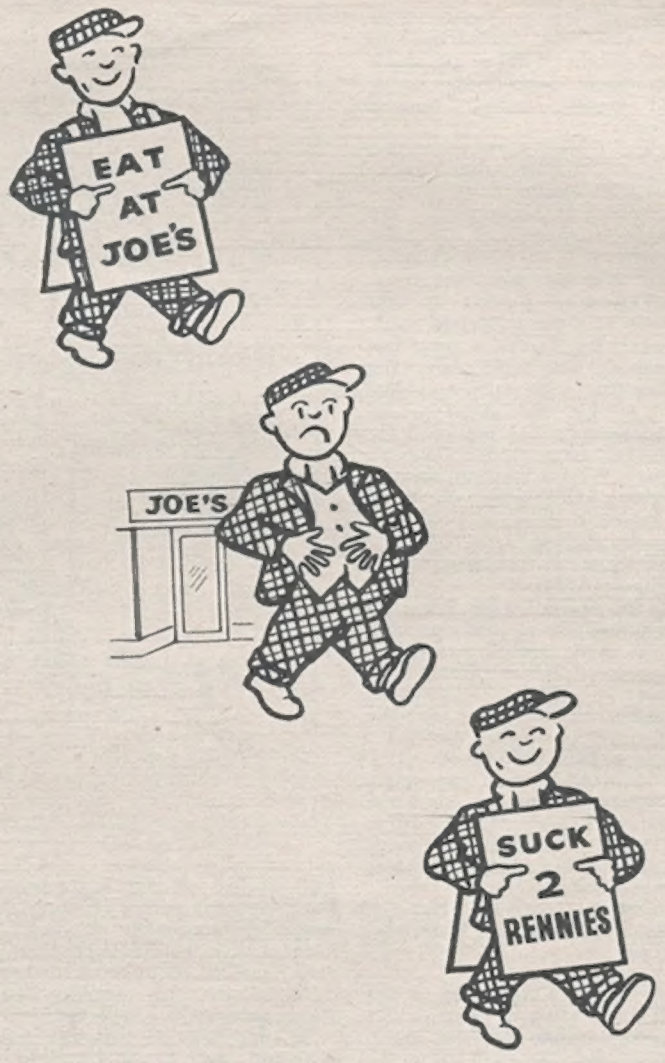
Saturday, August 19, 1939, was chosen for the day of the record attempt. Father was confident. Bluebird worked on a completely new principle of suspension, skimming over the water on three points, and she had plenty of power.

I was given the jobs of keeping all the boat and engine logs and of taking a launch up and down the course to search for and remove driftwood. During the record runs I was to be in the crash tender moored in the middle of the measured mile. Aided by several of Father's friends, one of them the son of the famous first World War parson, "Woodbine Willie," I collected an impressive amount of driftwood. On the Saturday morning, shortly after dawn, we were out again for a final check up. The course was clear, except

CHILDREN—6

Children and fools tell the truth.

English proverb



How long does it take YOU to SHAVE?

Shaving time varies. A soldier can shave in short time; whereas a literary gent, seized with a new plot for a story, can linger with the lather quite a while. Lather, did we say? Well, that would be referring to a writer of old-time romances. The writer of Space-Man Stories uses Brushless Shave. In fact, modern men everywhere are finding that Lanolive leaves the face smooth to the touch, clean to the eye, and puts the shaver in a Much Better Temper. Men don't as a rule write testimonials—a product has to be good indeed to tempt them to spend time (and 2½d. postage!) telling the manufacturer what a good boy he is. But we get lots of letters of praise for Lanolive Brushless—here's just one:—

"For nine years I have been shaving, and also, may I say, suffering the after-effects. But I could not refrain from writing to you in appreciation for your wonderful Lanolive Shaving Cream. Instead of hating to shave, I now look forward to the occasion. To say all I want to say about the pleasure you have brought to me would take quite a bit of time, so may I sincerely thank you. I have thoroughly recommended it to all my colleagues at the works. Yours truly, B. S."

A big tube of Lanolive Brushless Shave costs 2/3d. at Chemists and Stores. In view of the high cost of the several incorporated skin-helps, that's a real bargain. You have far-famed lanolin, olive oil, glycerine, chlorophyll and the efficient G14 Anti-septic in

LanOlive Brushless Shave

The perfect T.V. Refreshmint

FOX'S Glacier MINTS

for long evenings by the fire

THE FINEST PEPPERMINT IN THE WORLD

for what looked like a small stick, about six inches long and half an inch wide, slap in the middle.

"Let's do the job properly, sticks and all," I said. We drifted over to the stick; Woodbine Willie's son stuck out a boat hook, jabbed the twig, lugged—and nearly pulled himself into the lake.

The "stick" was a water-logged railway sleeper, a massive piece of timber that could easily have disembowelled Bluebird at high speed. We swore fluently—surprised at our discovery, pleased with our thoroughness.

It was all over by breakfast time. Father had Bluebird roaring up and down the lake over the measured mile, her engines spitting flames, a great tail of spray leaping out behind and the hills reverberating with mild thunder.

By 8.30 a.m. we were all at breakfast, with congratulations rolling in for Father and his new record: 141.74 miles an hour. The sun was still shining and everything had gone off with a sweet reasonableness not always associated with records.

We drove back to Headley Grove and gathering war clouds.

When the Territorials were called up and Father joined his mobile company my mind was made up. I was determined to become a fighter pilot.

"Nonsense!" Father snorted. "You've had rheumatic fever and the doctors will never pass you."

"They can be bluffed," I said.

In time I went before the usual interview boards, and at last came the dreaded medical examination. "Now, Campbell," said the doctor, "have you had any of these illnesses? Here—take the list and read it."

I took a casual glance. "No, sir. None." My spirits soared. It seemed that I had passed.

CALLED up and at Cardington, I was on the crest of a wave. But not for long. The chairman of the flying medical board sent for me. "You've had rheumatic fever, haven't you, Campbell? Come on, we know you have."

Abruptly I felt sick and depressed. I said nothing.

"Anybody who has had rheumatic fever is not allowed to fly," he declared.

"But I'm quite fit, sir."

"We'll see about that. Report to the hospital at Halton."

It was a gloomy drive, even though an attractive W.A.A.F. was at the wheel. A specialist examined me. "Strip!" he ordered. He went to work with an electro-cardiograph. And I knew that was the end. It showed up a heart abnormality plainly.

Arguments were in vain. He would not—could not—pass me for flying. I pleaded for air-sea rescue.

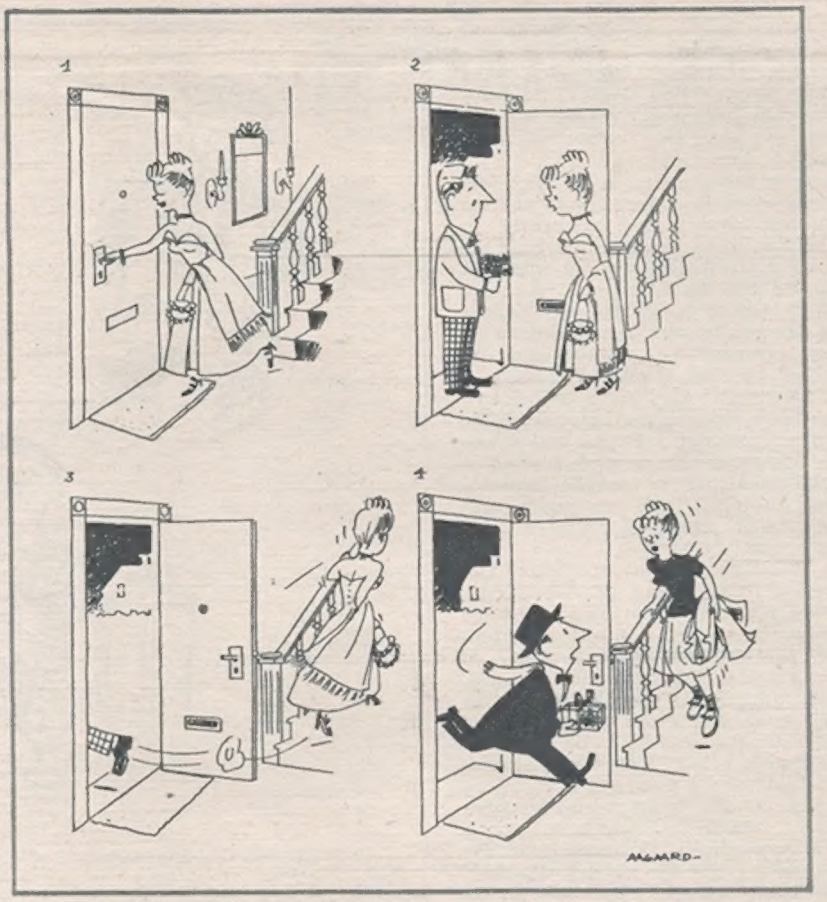
"Not a hope!"

Back at Cardington, glum and depressed, I was given an option: I could join the ground staff or leave the service. For several weeks I had been telling myself that soon I should be a pilot. Now nothing else in the service interested me. I decided to leave it, and returned home in a depth of despair and resumed my special constable work, which, at least, seemed something definite.

In due time, Father suggested that I should join Briggs Motor Bodies, Ltd., which, under the direction of Father and Leo Villa, had converted Bedford trucks into armoured cars during the threatened invasion period of 1940.

Later I became maintenance engineer at a new factory built at West Thurrock. There I gained a first-class knowledge of many types of manufacturing processes and, after some eighteen months, moved on to the firm's main power house at Dagenham.

Being in the power house was not without its moments when the flying-bombs and the V2s were falling. Violent explosions would make the four-inch steam mains shudder and shake, and there was always the unpleasant prospect of their bursting. They enclosed super-heat steam running at 420 degrees centigrade, with a pressure of 450 lb. to the square inch. We cursed Hitler and his secret weapon



and worked off our suppressed nerves with vigorous games of rugby football, which I thoroughly enjoyed, proving conclusively to myself that the doctors had talked poppycock when they believed that my suspect heart had been permanently affected.

My job finished with the end of the war and, once again, I had to contemplate returning to Lloyd's and insurance. But the years spent with machinery had heightened my taste for it. I thanked Howden's tactfully for their offer, but refused.

There followed an unsettled period. Father sold Headley Grove to the Maharajah of Baroda and bought Little Gatton, at Reigate, a charming house built by the novelist Sax Rohmer. Father returned to his many business activities and began planning to convert Bluebird into a jet-powered boat. I became interested in the possibility of developing a portable power-driven saw bench, and meeting two brothers named Meldrum, who were producing projector spares and equipment, agreed to join forces with them to bring out a completely new line of woodworking machine tools. By 1948 we were doing so well that we had to move into bigger premises.

Then, in November, Father became seriously ill and I insisted on sending for a specialist. He came to Little Gatton and that night we learned that Father could never recover: it was only a matter of time before the end.

It began on December 23. I was sitting in my office at Horley when Father's housekeeper rang.

"Your Father has had a stroke. Can you come immediately?"

I tore up the road to Reigate. Little Gatton was empty, save for Father, who was in a darkened bedroom. I saw him lying haggard, scarcely able to move or to speak above a whisper. The stroke had paralysed the whole of his left side. I kneeled at the bedside and broke down.

Father, with an effort, pulled out the handkerchief in my jacket pocket. He dried my eyes.

"It's all right, old chap," he said. "I'm quite finished."

Jean, Brian and I nursed him that night, and the next day a nurse arrived. We all knew it was the end.

Father hung on grimly. He had been looking forward to Christmas and a family reunion, but we decided not to tell him when it was Christmas Day. Unfortunately he found out from the nurse and a flash of his old self burned out.

"I do hate being taken for a damned fool," he whispered. "Why didn't you tell me?"

Then he added: "Go and get a bottle of champagne, boy."

I returned shortly and, despite his failing strength and partial paralysis, Father had everybody brought to his room. The bottle was opened, our glasses filled.

Father asked to be raised up. With a glass in his right hand he whispered: "A Merry Christmas to everybody."

A few hours later he became unconscious. He died at three minutes to midnight on December 31, 1948. We laid him to rest at Chislehurst in the same grave as his parents. . . .

A bitter easterly wind blew round Little Gatton and my mood was as grey as the low, driving clouds of an early March day. I was sitting in the book-lined study chatting with "Goldie" Gardner, an old friend of the family. Goldie had raced with Father at Brooklands in the inter-war period and had been a daily visitor while he lay dying.

Now we sipped whisky—the last bottle at Little Gatton—and let our thoughts roam back to the past and to the events of the weeks since Father had died. We talked about the funeral at Chislehurst and of the memorial service at St. Margaret's, Westminster, when there had not been an empty pew.

We talked of tomorrow's public auction, for a final stage in the winding-up of Father's estate had now been reached. With the exception of one or two bequests, which included a gift to Leo Villa, Father's will had directed that trustees should take over all his money and sell all his property. The entire proceeds were to be formed into two equal trusts—one for me and the other for Jean—and we were to receive an annual income from the investment of these trusts.

Eventually, as it turned out, all that we received from an estate of £180,000 was about £10 a week; we also inherited a few thousand pounds each through Father from our grandfather. The will meant that, apart from Father's trophies and some personal trinkets, everything we had known as children was to be put up for sale; we were, however, allowed to buy before the auction and at the value assessed by the auctioneers anything for which we had a sentimental attachment. I bought the old Bluebird car, something of a museum piece since the visit to Salt Lake, and also the jet Bluebird speedboat, with its many memories for me of Lake Coniston. It now lies at Porchester, near Portsmouth.

I sipped my whisky, stared morosely at Reigate Hill through the study windows, glanced round at various packaged "lots" that tomorrow would come under the auctioneer's hammer. Goldie talked nostalgically about Father and his determination and dislike of being beaten.

"That was why he pulled off so many records," Goldie mused. "I don't suppose he had any idea—at least for a start—of going for the world land speed record until he ran into snags. He had that old Sunbeam going well, but every time somebody pipped him, well, it only made him more determined to get more speed. Once he'd got the world record and had it taken away from him then his one idea was to get it back again. I think this racing game must be a disease in the blood."

THEN he looked at me and said in his deep voice: "Have you heard that Henry Kaiser is going to take the water speed record back to the States?" Henry Kaiser was the maker of the Kaiser car and, during the war, he had been responsible for building the famous Liberty ships.

Goldie went on: "Kaiser has built a speedboat with a twenty-four cylinder three thousand horsepower Allison engine. It's said to have cost about 150,000 dollars. Guy Lombardo is running it on the Potomac River, and he's out after the old man's record."

We continued talking. Goldie left, saying that he would be over for the sale. I watched him drive away, then returned to the study. Lolling back in Father's favourite chair I lit a cigarette and began to wonder what Father's reactions would have been to Kaiser's challenge. I had a mental image of his nose twitching with annoyance, and then followed a succession of images: Bluebird at Coniston in 1939 streaking down the measured mile; Father's happy grin when he knew he had increased his record; his frustration after the war when Bluebird misbehaved with her jet engine; his calm acceptance when he knew his end was near; and the flash of his old spirit when he had insisted on the toast at Christmas.

Suddenly I felt angry. The next moment I was thinking: "I'll have a crack at improving the record myself. To hell with Kaiser! We'll give him a run for his money."

I left the chair, paced round the study, reflecting briefly that I had never driven a racing speedboat nor, for that matter, a racing car. Then I found myself wondering how quickly we could get Bluebird up to Coniston again. And with that I shot out of the house to find Leo Villa, who was working in the garage.

Excitedly I told him of my decision to race Bluebird again. Leo grinned, became thoughtful, gripped the spanner he was carrying with both hands. His eyes began to dance.

"It's a big job to take on, Don. Do you think . . . ?"

We stared at each other for a couple of seconds and then burst out laughing. We spent the rest of the day talking and planning. Somehow, as soon as possible, we were going back to Coniston with Bluebird.

NEXT WEEK: I get "Bluebird" ready for the record. Then comes a crash like thunder

Parts of Donald Campbell's narrative are based on his book *Into The Water Barrier*, which was written in collaboration with Alan W. Mitchell and published recently by Odhams, price 15s.

CHILDREN—7

Hold your hands off other folks' bairns, till you get some of your own.

Scottish proverb

Another £1,000

Cash for "Bullets"

MEET a quarry worker with two hobbies—painting the North Wales mountains and making *Bullets*. Meet Mr. H. I. Roberts, Glyn-Aber, Rhosgadfan, who has just banked £500 for his *Bullet*: PRECIOUS GIFT—BIBLE—GOES ON *Giving*!

Follow him up the *Bullets* slopes and win that giant First which heads this week's £1,000 cash for *Bullets*.

£750 1st. PRIZE CASH PLUS SEWING-MACHINE OR TOOL CHEST

144 Other Cheques

£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 25 of £1, 100 of 10s., £25 Jackpot for those entrants who just miss the 145 cheques.

NEW 10-in-1 BONUSES—see coupon

THIS WAY TO THE 145 CHEQUES

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Britannia's Pilots	Not Enough
With The Aid Of The Atom	With A Light Heart
Steady, Mr. Kruschev	Mother's Job
Automation's Coming, So	Too Much Trouble
How To Sell More	A Faithful Friend
Behind That Curtain	When The Cat's Away
Health's Armour	Street Footballer
The New Boss	Rushed Off His Feet
Those Stars	Poisonous Gossip
Stamp Of Respectability	Shock For The Snooper

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Prisoner In The.....	"I'll.....It!"
Like A.....Of Old	Not Getting Any.....
Curse Of The.....	Up Went The..... And

EXAMPLE ..... |6d.

BULLET

EX. ..... |6d.

B.

EX. ..... |6d.

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EX. ..... |6d.

B.

EX. ..... |6d.

B.

10-in-1 BONUS Grand 10-in-1 Bonus of luxuries for the kitchen to each of the 20 chief winners whose successful *Bullet* was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,023

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Mansion, Limousine, Yacht Through "Building," "Driving," "Floating—"

£25: R. J. Naughton, 60 Rotherfield Road, Enfield: OASIS IN THE DESERT — ANOTHER PAY-DAY'S "GREEN LEAVES"!

£20: W. G. Broyden, 174 Lower Road, Belvedere, Kent: MADE HIM FEEL HER—LOSS, LESS—HER LASS.

OTHER AWARDS: £15: J. A. Worsey, 83 Travers Road, Sandiacre, Nottingham: MANSION, LIMOUSINE, YACHT — AND SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND *Relatives*! £10: B. N. Giles, 82 Little Bushey Lane, Bushey Heath: EXPLORER JOHN—PLODDER JOHN—*Great* BRITAIN! £9: S. Hassell, 47 Machin Street, Tunstall, Staffs: EVERGREEN IN THE DESERT—SHE LEFT ME—*Memory*! £8: J. H. Neville-Weaver, 13 St. George's Road, Truro: IT'S LEAP-YEAR, SO—*France* "GETTING HER MAN"? £7: H. J. Webber, 16 Vale Close, Strawberry Vale, Twickenham: WARILY—CROSS ROAD—NOT *Airily*! £6: W. Hitchen, 48 East Bawtry Road, Rotherham: THE TEAM SPIRIT—COULD *Lessen* ROAD'S "SCORE"! £6: G. McKinnie, 10 Woodlands Crescent, Falkirk: MOUNTAIN OF BILLS—EXHILARATING "ON TOP OF."

For ten winners of £5, see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. Further 30 prizes of £2 10s. have been posted, also awards to sharers of £25 Jackpot.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated February 25), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, February 11, for early news of No. 2,023 result.)

Post Entry

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